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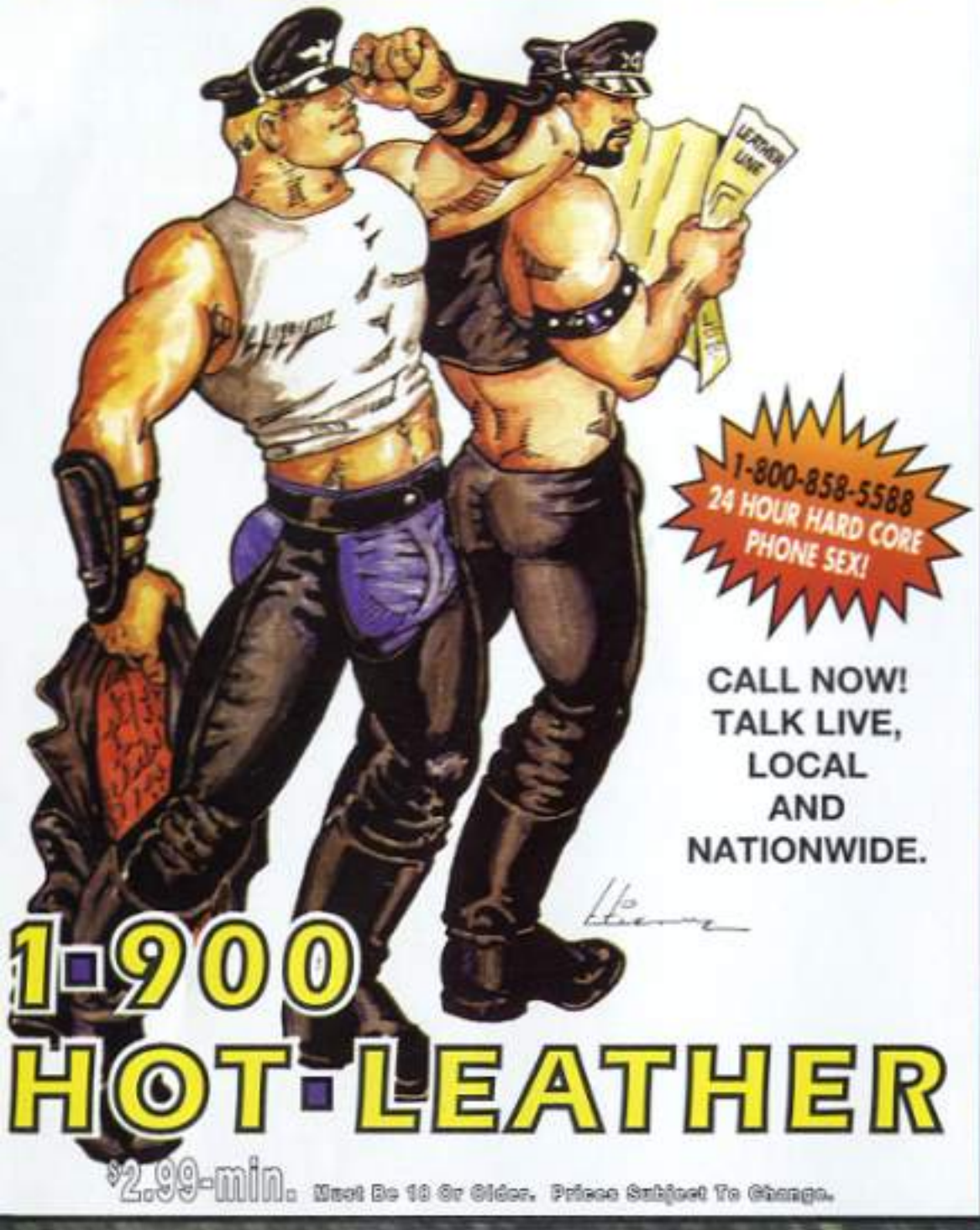

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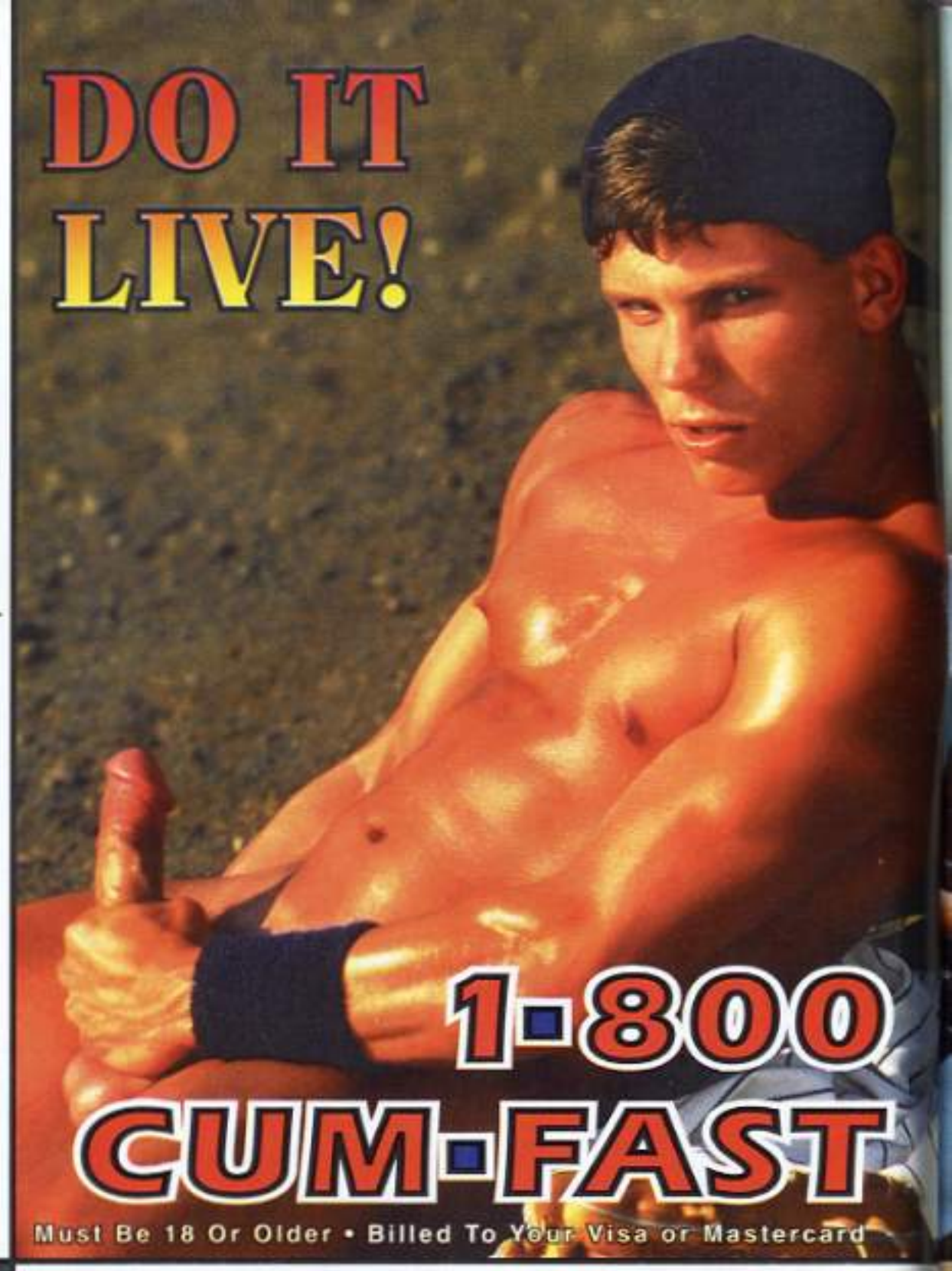

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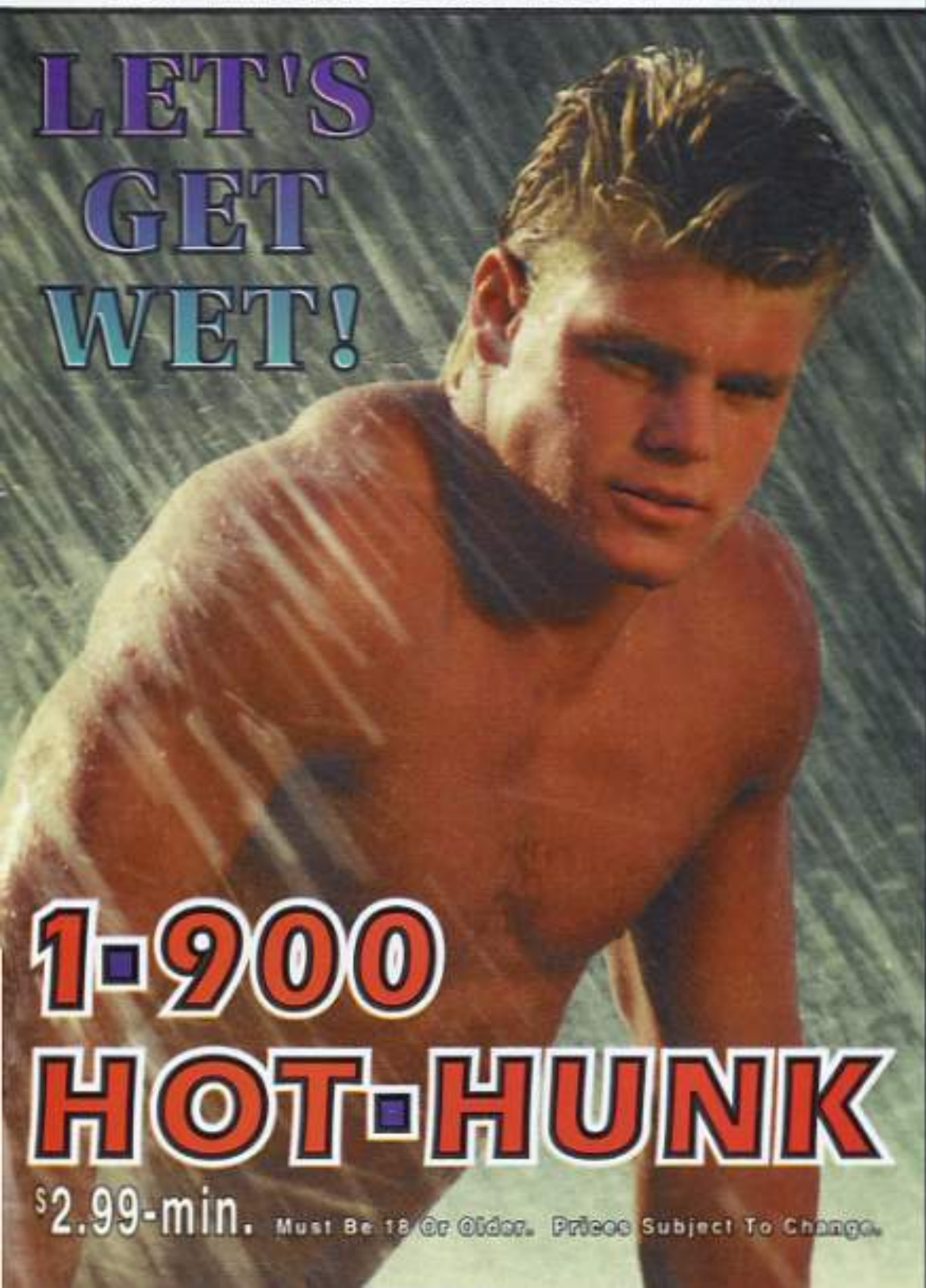

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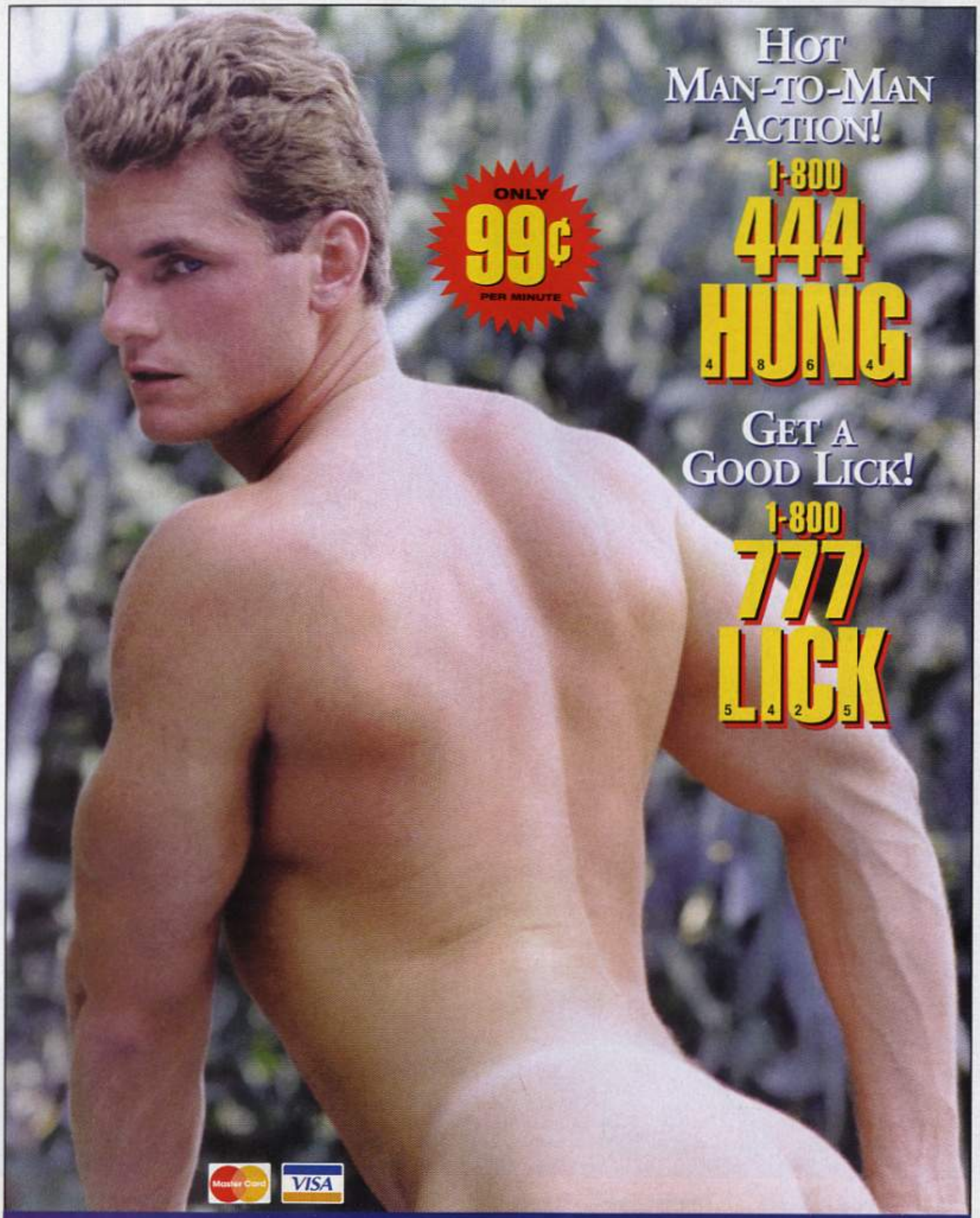
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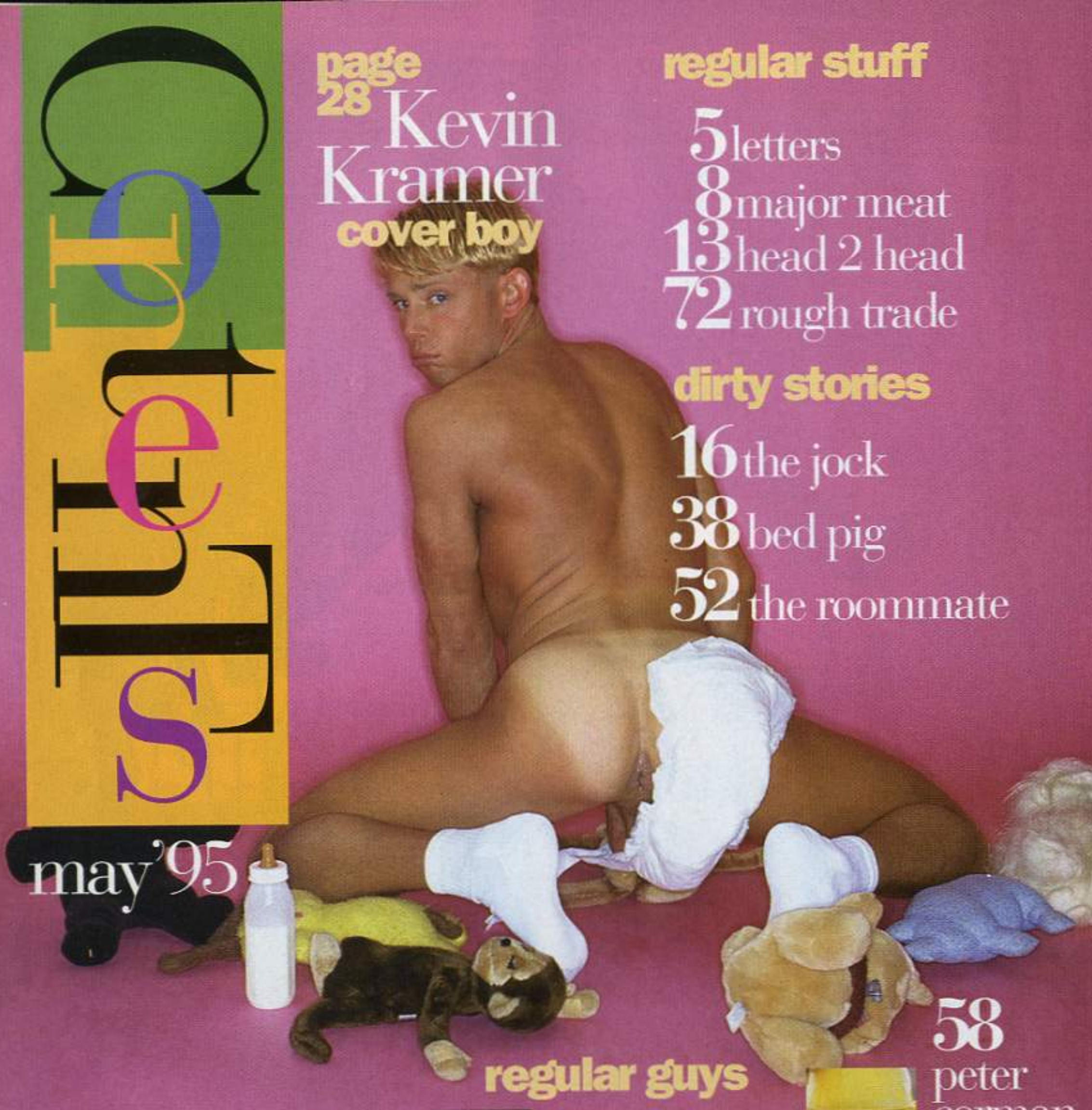
Kevin Kramer
cover boy



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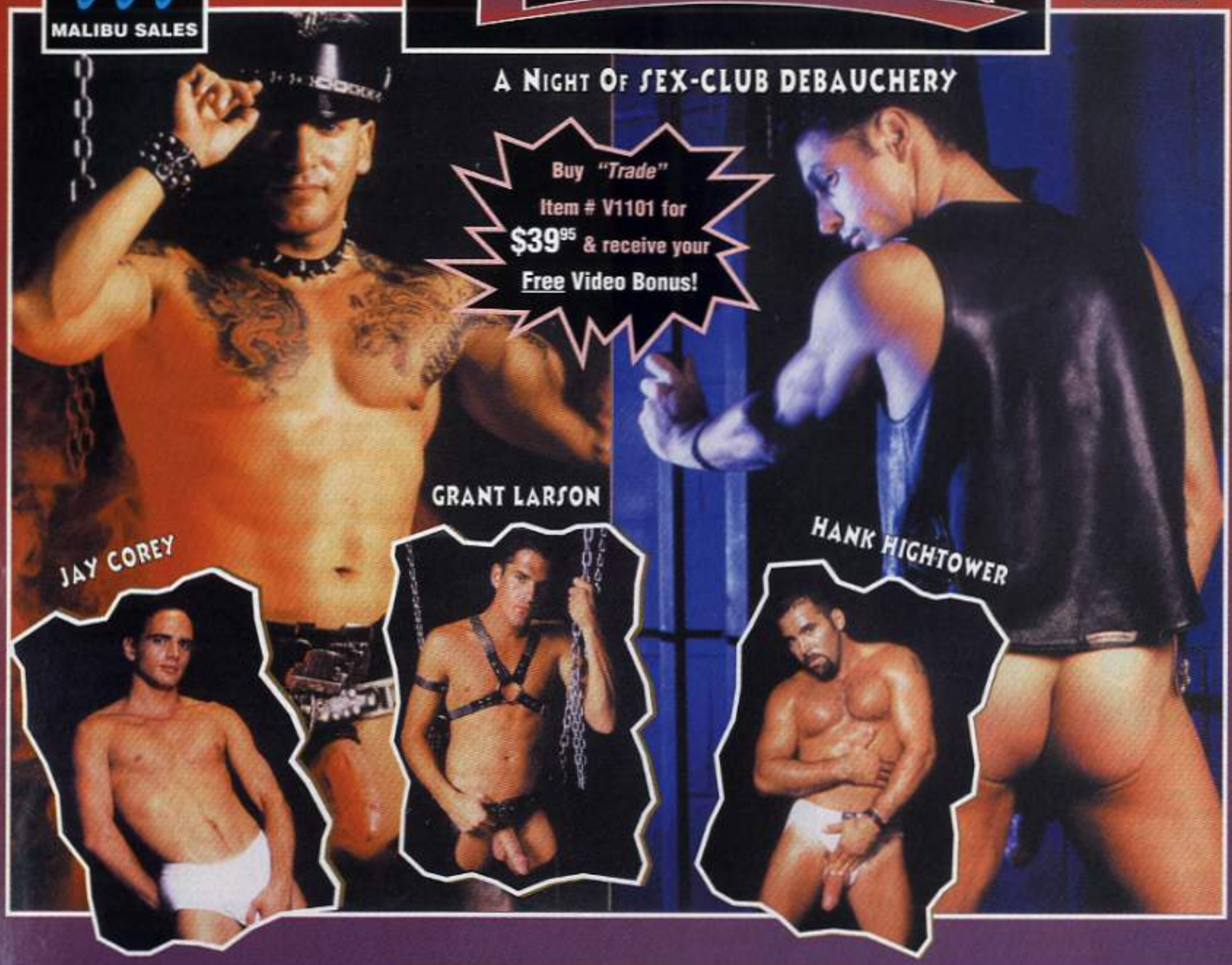

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NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE

I loved your February 1995 issue with Benjy Sanders—what a stud he is! My heart skipped a beat the minute I saw him on the cover. You guys just never cease to amaze me by finding the most handsome young men in the world.

Benjy, if you're reading this, you can come and let me take pictures of you and walk around in the nude in my house anytime.

D.M.
Salt Lake City, Utah

[*Is that what folks do for fun in Salt Lake City: walk around the house nude? And just how big, exactly, is your house? Golly, what a tempting offer. I'll bet Benjy almost never encounters guys who are willing to take photographs of him. Especially in the nude and all.*—Ed.]

A FLOCK OF BENJYS?

You did it, you did it, you did it! I thought no model could ever top Peter Volp of your September 1993 issue! But I'll be damned if your February cover model, Benjy Sanders, isn't Volp's equal. Models like those two real men are why I subscribe and look forward to every issue of *FRESHMEN*! Thanks, and keep looking for more Volps and Sanderses.

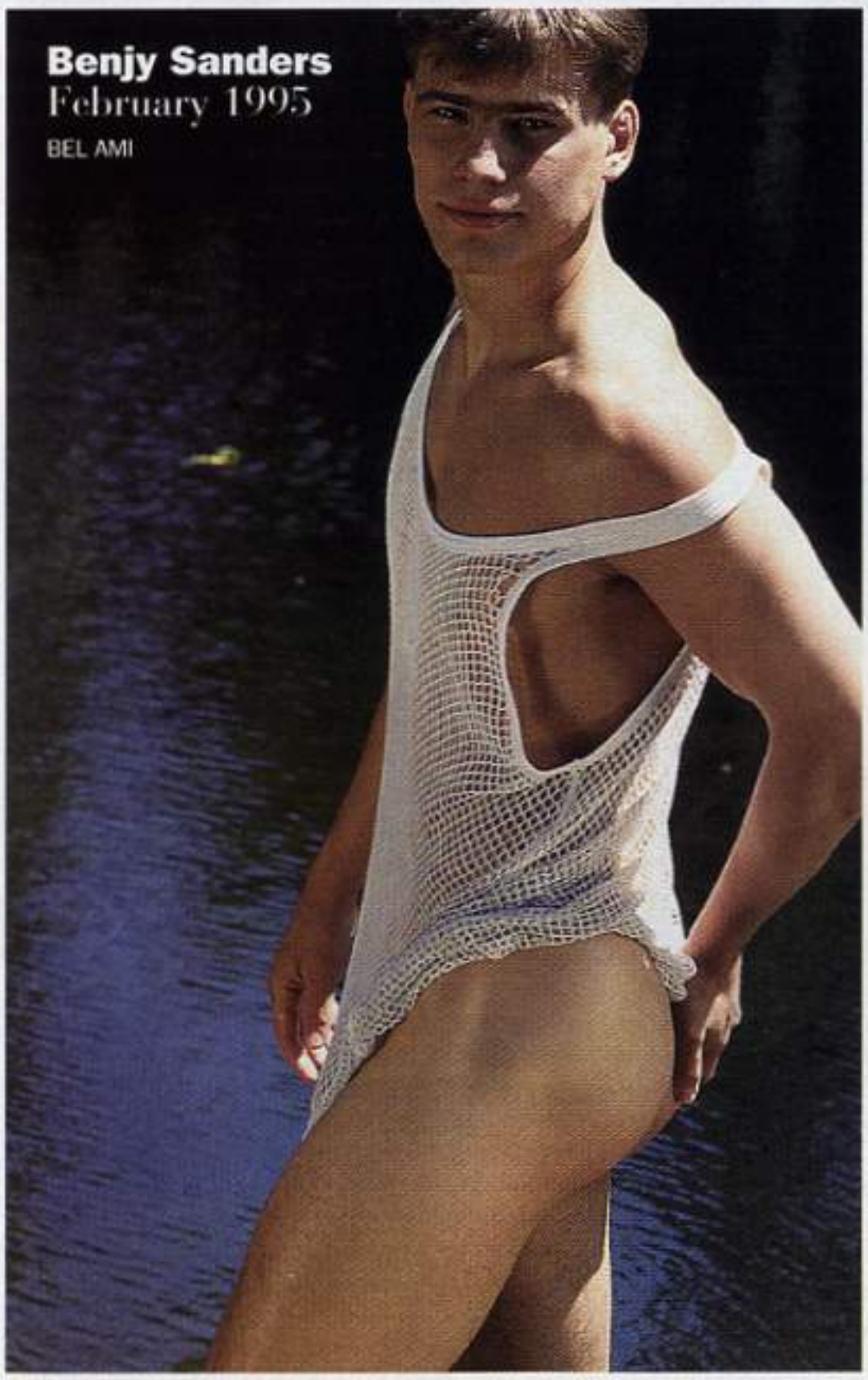
M.C.
Phoenix, Ariz.

[*Thanks, but it can be a huge pain in the ass locating all those Volps and Sanderses. Especially the Sanderses. (The Volps tend to travel in packs.)*—Ed.]

BREEZIN', NOT FREEZIN'

Your February issue was a breeze of sunshine in our Canadian winter. I had a real treat with Benjy Sanders, and I have been dreaming about him ever since. I also loved Joey Wood, Louis Friar, and others in that issue. You publish an absolutely exquisite magazine. Keep up the good work!

G.N.
Sainte-Foy, Canada



AND THE ANSWER IS...

I just received my first *FRESHMEN* subscription issues, January and February 1995. Classic covers; fresh photography, especially lighting and paper quality (Sinbad is sensational); dirty JO stories; and along with the models, terrific teasing and pleasing copy, such as with the spreads for Benjy Sanders and Rick Lawrence. And a colorful cartoon—Juice! Congratulations on a well-put-together publication.

I'd also like to see some drawings and sketches and more of Jared Collins [November 1994]. I'd like to hear other readers' answers to the questions on pages 44-51 in the February issue; here are mine:

- *Do you remember your first sweetheart?* Yes. He was older and dumber, but he was nice and had muscles and pecs.
- *Did you hold hands?* No. He was real embarrassed, and we kept secret about our "thing" at his insistence. I was out since kindergarten!
- *Did he make you cry?* Of course, more times than I could count; now I realize I kinda got off on my tears and fears. Yeah.
- *Do you think he still thinks about you?* Yes. We all think and remember throughout time. He knows I grew up (after high school) into a really good-looking blond cockteaser!

J.L.
New York, N.Y.

BOSTON WHEN IT SIZZLES

How do you do it? So many hot men month after month! February was no exception. What hot full moons on Devin Michaels. As for why Benjy likes to take his clothes off, I say that he wants guys to jack off to his hot photos. If I had been lucky enough to have Joey Wood as my first sweetheart,

letters

I would *definitely* remember everything that we did!

Golden boy Louis Friar is as good as they get. Louis is dark, hairy, and hung! Those red bikinis highlight an already hot package, front and back! What hot pecs on that hairy chest and that trail down to his real treasure. How I would love to get my lips around that cock. The golden rule would most assuredly apply here, because I would give as good as I wanted to receive.

E.C.
Boston, Mass.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN

I have just finished reading your February issue, and as usual you have done an excellent job of combining pictorials of such handsome young men. My comments are directed toward Devin Michaels, who can sit on my face with that beautiful full moon of his any day of the week. And my compliments to his photographer, Sinbad, on a super job. Devin has the perfect nipples to go along with that sweet ass of his.

Benjy, your cover boy from Bel Ami, has a very sexual and sensual smile to go along with his very cute body. Once again Bel Ami has come through for you, and I hope they keep up the good, professional work for years to come.

But unfortunately, I have to disagree with your choice of cover boy and centerfold. My pick would have been the very handsome and cute Joey Wood. I would be willing to give up my cherry to Joey anytime, anyplace, because he is the sexiest young man I've seen since my first lover back in high school. You may laugh when I say that I am a 37-year-old gay male who is still a virgin, but as I stated previously, Joey Wood could take it without any resistance from yours truly.

M.M.
Owings Mills, Md.

[*A virgin, you say? Hmm. Perhaps you'd like to tell me a little more about that first lover.*–Ed.]

PAL JOEY

Your magazine is the best. The pictures of sweet Joey Wood and the golden boy, Louis Friar, are fantastic. The only problem is, there should have been a few more pictures of Joey.

D.D.
San Antonio, Tex.

We welcome letters from readers. We will gladly forward letters to our models; however, we cannot give out models' addresses or phone numbers. Write to* FRESHMEN, *P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371.

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"Who would suspect that if you stick your finger up your asshole when you come that it's gonna feel better."

Major

Vince Rockland

Vince Rockland stands only 5 foot 8, but he's 185 pounds of solid man meat. This green-eyed, brown-haired lad hit the scene less than two years ago and is best known for the long blond streak in his hair and his monster 8½-inch uncut cock with its legendary little penis bumps around the head. I interviewed Vince one rainy afternoon in his hotel room in West Hollywood and had the pleasure of having him crack my back and give me a massage, something men in cities all over the world would love to experience. Vince also revealed a bit of his darker side to me; this 21-year-old has a bad streak in him. Vince reminded me of an evil elf as he grinned devilishly and sprawled on the bed with his hand in his pants, wiggling his ears. During our afternoon together he covered many topics, including whom he loves to fuck, Satanism, famous members of his family, and a porn star's thoughts on reincarnation.

by Jamoo

Jamoo: When did you start doing adult movies?
Vince: July 25, 1993. My first movie was *Hands On* for Mustang.
Jamoo: And how old are you?
Vince: Twenty-one. My birth date was December 29, 1973.
Jamoo: Where are you from originally?
Vince: Germany.
Jamoo: So how long have you been in the U.S. of A.?
Vince: Since 1987.
Jamoo: Wow! No accent. I couldn't tell.
Vince: I'm *tri*lingual, actually. I speak Spanish, and I learned German and English at the same time.
Jamoo: Is Hal your only brother?
Vince: No. I have two brothers. My younger brother is Hal Rockland.
Jamoo: We all love little Hal–little *big* Hal, I guess I'd call him.
Vince: Exactly! And my older brother doesn't have a stage name because he doesn't do this stuff, so I won't mention him. But he's in the Marine Corps.
Jamoo: Do you think he'd ever do it?
Vince: I'm sure he never would. He knows about Hal and me, though.
Jamoo: Sisters?
Vince: One sister, who is 11 years old.
Jamoo: And Mom and Dad are where?
Vince: Denver, where I live. They live about ten miles from me, so I see them a lot.

MAZZ STUDIO

Jamoo: Who discovered you?
Vince: It was sort of accidental. The story starts right when I got out of jail for being convicted of my tenth felony. I met a girl at the gym, and she was quite a bit older than me, and I fucked her. Her husband found out and found my wallet I'd left at her house and called my mother, and I was kicked out of the house.
Jamoo: For fucking an older, married woman?
Vince: Yeah, it's not a Christian thing, ya know? After the incident I started living with this woman, and she got divorced from her husband. She suggested I dance, so I checked around and found a gay bar. I walked into the office and met this agent, who told me he booked a lot of gay bars. He asked why I wanted to dance in gay bars. I said, "Because they pay more." Then he told me to take off my clothes. So I did, and he said, "You have a very good body. Would you like to do pornography?"

At first I was not too keen on the idea. But he convinced me. This agent provides special "training" for all his boys. Basically, he made it clear that if I didn't do porn, I wouldn't be working for him, and he started his training right then and there. In other words, he put his fingers in my ass, then his little dildos. Then he worked up to bigger dildos, and then he went for it himself.
Jamoo: He does this to all his boys?
Vince: Yeah. If they wanna work, they have to get poked by him. He treats all his boys this way.
Jamoo: How did it feel getting poked, since you'd never done it before? Had you ever had anything up your butt before?
Vince: Nope, never experimented. I'd never delved into that, and who would suspect that if you stick your finger up your asshole when you come that it's gonna feel better. So I started doing porn and worked for that same agent until April 1994, when I quit and said, "I'm not gonna work for you anymore. You're an asshole—you suck! You're just a fucking dick!" And he said, "You can't do that because you have a contract with me with a clause that states that if you quit working for me, you can't work for anyone else!" So I took him to court, and I won.
Jamoo: Cool!
Vince: And I'm working for other people, although a lot of people are afraid to use me right now because they think my former agent won't give them models or will give them trouble. He's such a big fucking asshole, just a big queen. He has a big bark and will do a lot of letter writing and spread rumors, but he'll never do anything as far as legal stuff is concerned. If he does, nobody will use his models because they'll all be afraid to deal with him, and he knows that. Falcon and Catalina have used me again, though.
Jamoo: So what was your first experience with the porn world?
Vince: I did a photo shoot under the name Vince Allen.
Jamoo: You were wearing cutoffs and pulling your butt open and showing your hole. It was hot!
Vince: Those were gross pictures. I looked awful!
Jamoo: You looked great. So why the name Vince Allen?
Vince: Well, I listened to heavy metal then and thought of Vince Neil from Mötley Crüe—that's the *Vince*. I was thinking of one of the other dancers who drove me to the shoot—his name was Allen—so I came up with Vince Allen. By the way, the guy whose name was Allen is a real asshole, and his stage name is Bo Summers.

So anyway, I came out here and did my first movie for Chi Chi LaRue, and he said, "Oh, my God—that name, it sucks. I mean, you look like a Vince, but *Allen* just doesn't work for you!" So I went, "OK, what works?" And he goes, "I think you should get something hard, like *rock*, like *stone*, something tough! Like Rockland!" So from there on, the rest is history.
Jamoo: Have you ever done a scene with your brother?
Vince: I did a scene with him, but I wouldn't have sex with him.
Jamoo: They wouldn't allow it?
Vince: They wouldn't allow it, and I wouldn't want to do it. I never even played with Hal or even thought about it. Everybody asks me that. Me and my brother look alike and think alike, but it would be gross to have sex with him—he's my brother.
Jamoo: What is your favorite movie you've done? I've only seen one movie you've done—Joey Morgan and you and a big dildo.
Vince: I plowed him with it. I wouldn't have been able to put that fucker in my ass—can you imagine? It slid right in him. He has this huge gaping hole for an ass; he's great to work with because he's loose. A lot of times guys who are straight don't loosen up, and when you poke them, they squeal and jump around. Or else you try to shove it in, and they hold their asses so tight, you can't get it in. It's like shoving it into a brick wall.
Jamoo: So...your favorite movie?
Vince: *Breakaway* was one of them because they rented out a whole resort for us in Santa Rosa and had caterers. Another movie I enjoyed was *Saddle Tramps*. That was a fun shoot because I got to fuck Sharon Kane.
Jamoo: That's hot!
Vince: It takes so long to make her come. She says she fakes it a lot. She tried faking it with me, but I've fucked lots of chicks before. You can tell when they're faking because there are contractions inside the canal that can't be faked. She tried faking, and I said, "Don't even try, Sharon!" So I kept fucking her, and she came so

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long and so loud, it was incredible! I couldn't come—I'd come twice that day and gotten up early. I was tired.
Jamoo: I love Sharon. She fucked me with a dildo once. She played a double-dicked hermaphrodite.
Vince: God! She's had sex with everyone in the world. She's probably had sex with Ronald Reagan.
Jamoo: You are such a bad boy, and I mean that. You've done a lot of bad shit in your life.
Vince: Fuckin' A!
Jamoo: Tell me about some of the evil things you've done.
Vince: Along what lines?
Jamoo: Robbery? Burglary? Satanic rituals?
Vince: I have done Satanic rituals.
Jamoo: My mama is a witch, so I get off on meeting other people like me. Tell me about being a Satanist.
Vince: See this necklace around my neck?
Jamoo: You're a necromancer!
Vince: Yes. It's black magic.
Jamoo: Do you have roots in Europe with witchcraft?
Vince: Yes. Actually there's a lot of witchcraft in my family. My family is a very old American family, and before that a very old British family. My mother's maiden name is Reed, which goes all the way back to George Reed, who signed the Declaration of Independence. And also Ezra Stales, who was my grandfather's grandfather; there's a statue of him at Yale University. All these people were into Masonry, which is basically Satanism undercover. My grandfather was a missionary, and when he got to the higher level, he found out what Masonry really was, and that's why he got out.
Jamoo: Tell me about some Satanic rituals.
Vince: I can't name names or specifics, but several years ago, before I went to jail, we stole two goats. And then it gets into cows and then other things more severe, and that's as far as I can go on the topic.
Jamoo: Let's talk about death. I'm feeling a really dark energy from you, but it's also a turn-on.
Vince: To me *death* is a word that shouldn't belong in our language. Some Middle Eastern languages don't even have terms for death like we do; they call it "moving on" or "transcending," and that is what death is. I believe it's moving on to another level of awareness. It's life beyond anything we can imagine. What good does Christianity do you? If it can't console you in life, then what good is

it going to do you in death?
Jamoo: Lightening the subject a little, who would you like to work with in a scene?
Vince: I'd like to work with Trent Reed. He's so hot and so butch and the biggest fucking bottom—it's a turn-on. He's so fucking muscular and has a low voice, not a queeny lisp when he talks. All he wants in life is to get fucked. I'm getting a hard-on now just thinking about it!
Jamoo: Do you want to plug him?
Vince: I already have.
Jamoo: What about other stuff—for example, do you eat ass?
Vince: No, I don't eat ass.
Jamoo: What about getting your ass eaten?
Vince: I have in movies, but it's so overly sensitive and ticklish in that area that I don't like it. I like the inside of my legs to be stroked, and and I like massages on my scalp and feet—that's very erotic to me.
Jamoo: Speaking of your erogenous zones, tell me about your famous little penis bumps.
Vince: I have no idea what they are or where they came from. Both of my brothers have them. They are highly sensitive. Sometimes I have to cut them off because they go upward toward the head of my penis, and if I'm jacking off or something and bring my hand down and it pulls them down, they will crack. It's excruciatingly painful. So when they get like that, I take Anbesol, ice, and nail clippers and cut them off.
Jamoo: And are you able to suck your own dick?
Vince: I can lick the tip of it.
Jamoo: Have you ever fucked someone while you were getting fucked?
Vince: In a movie.
Jamoo: Did it feel good?
Vince: No. I prefer to have my prostate massaged from the outside. If someone on a movie set wants someone to fuck me in the ass, it has to be done after I'm already hard and in some guy's ass. Getting fucked sucks; I don't like it. My boner goes down in a minute.
Jamoo: Now, I hear you're getting into legitimate modeling. Is Hal doing it too?
Vince: Yep. I got a call from *Detours* magazine today. It's very difficult to break into, but I'm being my own agent. Hal and I are going to fly to New York.
Jamoo: Your ears just wiggled! You and Wolff can both make your ears wiggle. I guess it must be some kind of a German *thang!*
Vince: Let me set the record straight about my background, because in one interview they said I was Italian. My ethnic background is a mix of Hungarian and Irish.
Jamoo: Is there anything you would like to say to your fans?
Vince: Yeah. I love you—you're what makes me a star. No matter where I go in life, it's always the fans who give me support, because without the demand there is no supply. Keep demanding me! ●

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My straight college roommate and I are

locked in one of the oldest debates in the world: Am I gay because I was born that way or because of the way I was raised? I'd like to say it doesn't matter, because however I got this way, this is me. But neither of us can seem to let it rest. Do you have the answer?

Isn't it strange that no one ever asks if someone is heterosexual because he was born that way or because of how he was raised? I don't have the answer, nor does anyone else so far. But recent research strongly suggests that sexual orientation—gay, het, or (presumably) bi—is at least partly genetic.

In 1935 Freud told an American mother whose son was gay, "Homosexuality is assuredly no advantage, but it is nothing to be ashamed of, no vice, no degradation; it cannot be classified as an illness." He reminded the woman that "many highly respected individuals of ancient and modern times have been homosexuals, several of the greatest men among them (Plato, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, etc.). It is a great injustice to persecute homosexuality as a crime, and a cruelty too."

In later years, seeking to establish their new theories as a science, some of Freud's followers declared homosexuality an illness and attempted to cure it with everything from psychoanalysis to electroshock therapy and even, according to some sources, with prefrontal lobotomies. In 1973, thanks largely to the work of psychologist Evelyn Hooker and to psychiatrists' dawning recognition that their record of "curing" people of homosexuality was a virtually complete failure, the American Psychiatric Association formally removed homosexuality from its list of mental disorders.

Since the early '80s animal studies in neurochemistry and genetics have demonstrated repeatedly that sexual orientation is affected significantly by the influence of hormones on the fetal brain. In the past six years, psychologists and neuroscientists have found evidence that the brains of homosexual and heterosexual people differ—not that they're better or worse, just that their structures are slightly different. Genetic studies with twins have also shown a biological basis for sexual orientation. According to these, the identical twin of a gay man or a lesbian has about a 50% chance of also being gay, whereas the fraternal twin of a gay man or a lesbian has about a 20% chance of being gay, and with non-twin siblings there is less concordance.

Some gay people are upset by these studies, fearing that bigots will seize on such identifiable differences and call them defects, opening the door to a Nazi eugenics that tries, say, to breed a gay gene out of the human race. Others think the findings demonstrate that sexual orientation is just another genetic trait, like being left-handed. If so, the findings may provide legal and moral bases for overturning antigay discrimination laws throughout the United States. Current antidiscrimination laws, founded in the '60s struggle for black civil rights, specifically provide protection for minority groups whose identifying trait is fundamentally unchangeable, like skin color—or, these studies seem to say, like sexual orientation. Even radical Christianity's opposition to homosexuality is based on the belief that gay men choose their pattern of sinful sexuality and can change the nature of their desires if they see the light. The research appears to say otherwise.

Simon LeVay, a highly respected gay scientist whose studies of brain tissue are part of the discussion, says value judgments are not the point of science. "Knowledge in itself is what we are here for," he told *The Advocate* in an interview published in 1993. "I don't think gay rights should depend on proving that we can't help being gay. We should have equal rights even if we are gay out of sheer wanton perversity. It's our own business whom we have sex with."

The studies are new and not definitive, but they do seem to point to the need for society to completely reassess its beliefs and understandings about sexual orientation and, perhaps, about many other human behaviors as well. In the large schemes of science, these sorts of debates are actually rather important. But where one man's life is concerned, I tend to agree with you: In the long run it doesn't matter, because however you got this way, and however your roommate got straight, this is who you are. Celebrate that.

Henkin is a licensed marriage and family therapist, a board-certified sex therapist, and a fellow of the American Academy of Clinical Sexologists. He conducts his private therapy practice in San Francisco. Send your questions c/o FRESHMEN, *P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371.*

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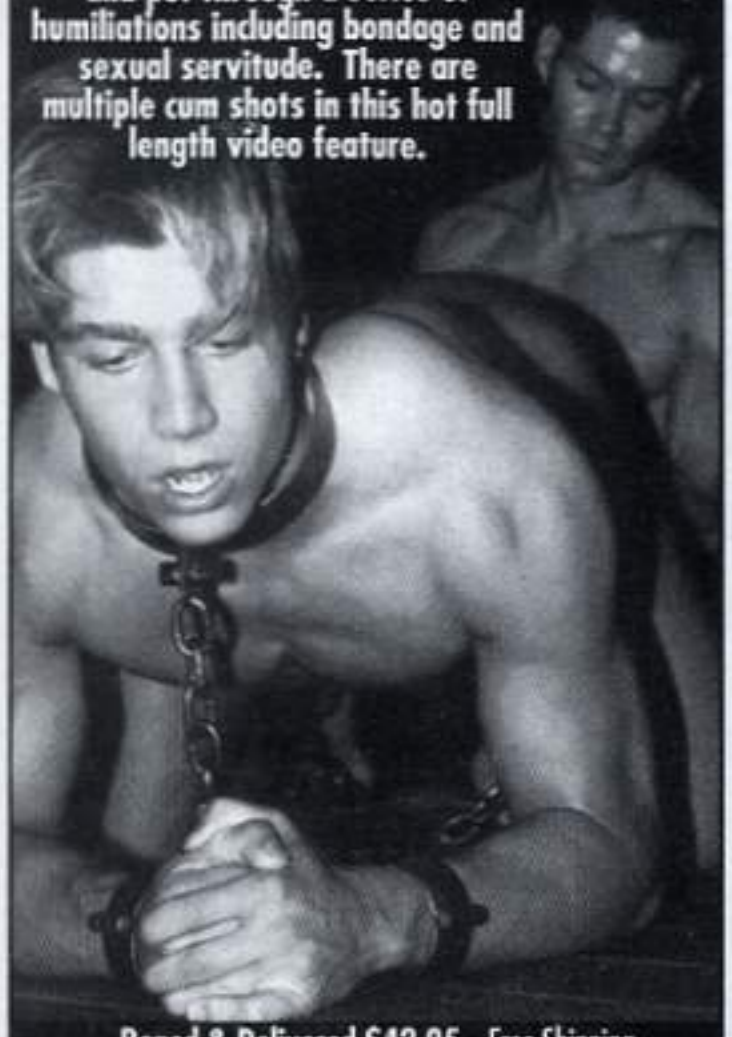

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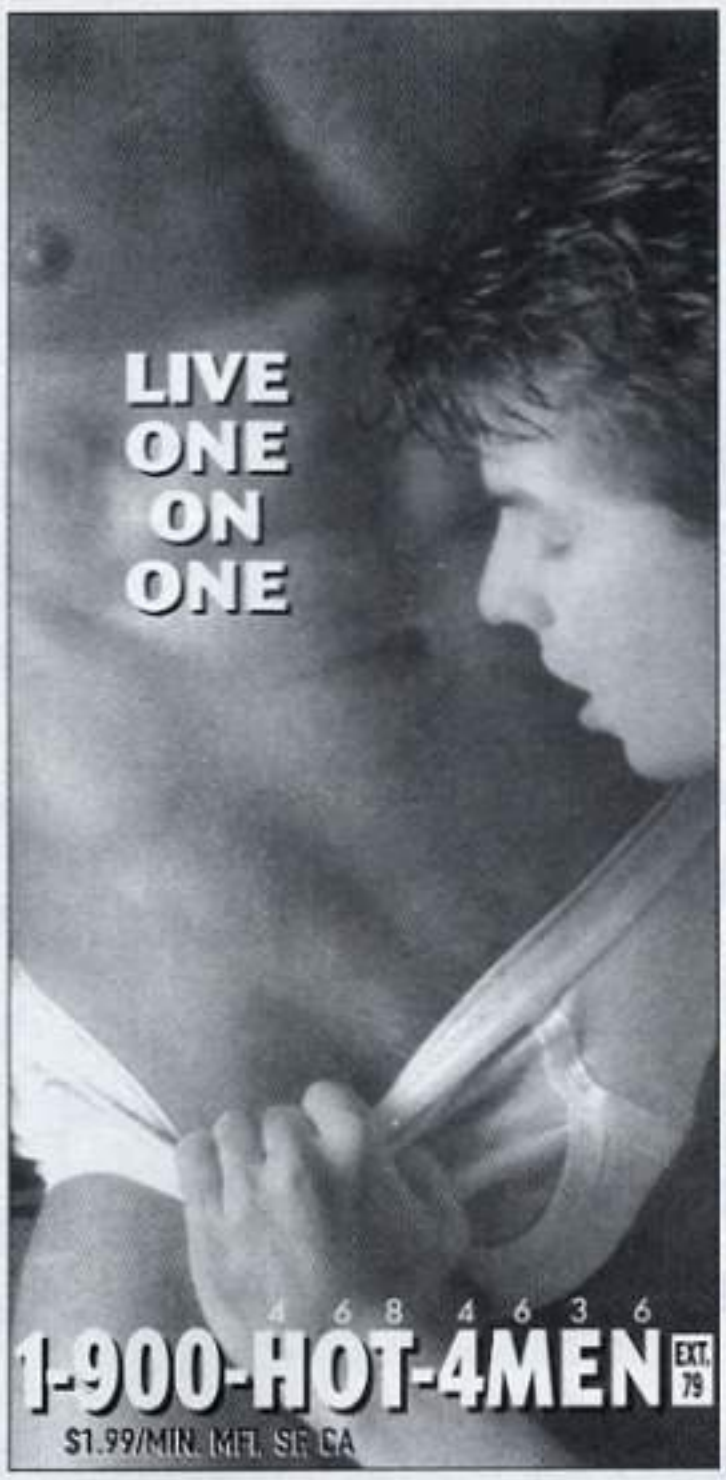

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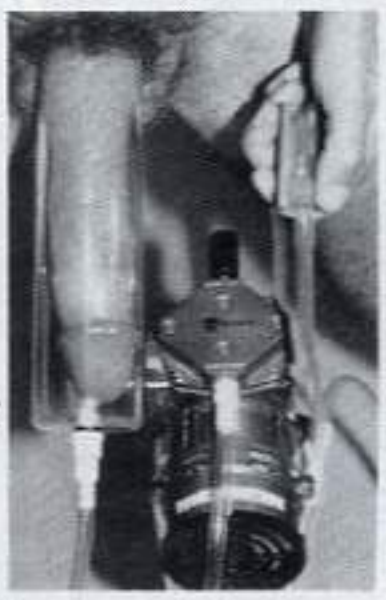

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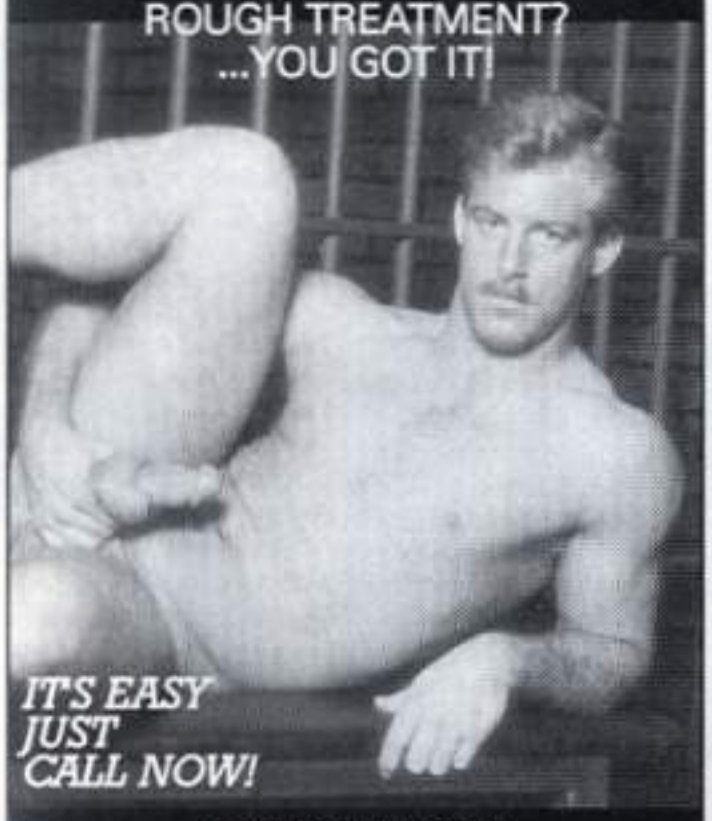

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"Hi, guys," I said. "How did you make out?"

"Not so bad," Rick replied. "We both got in with a couple of slide-rule snappers. My condolences, Byron."

"Yeah," Tim chimed in, putting a sympathetic hand on my shoulder. "We heard the bad news about you. Looks like you won the big dumb-jock contest hands down. I guess you were the one who really got burned."

BY GRANT FOSTER

"I need a pair of shorts, man."

They all laughed at his feeble joke. Benton Hall, one of the oldest dorms on campus, had burned to the ground just before the quarter was scheduled to start, throwing the housing office into a total uproar. Everyone from Benton had to be moved, and they placed us wherever they could find a spare bed. I had drawn Dave Harris as a roommate, and I wasn't too happy about it.

"Speak of the devil, here he comes now," Tim said, nudging me in the ribs and pointing across the quad. Harris was strutting along in the warm spring sunshine, shirt stuffed in his back pocket, muscles flexing. He was a party animal by reputation, and he lifted weights. Beyond that, I knew nothing—except for the fact that I secretly thought he was hotter than the cord on a cheap appliance. I hadn't bothered to mention that to my friends because I firmly believed that some thoughts were better left unspoken.

"Well," Rick mused, "he's sure easy on the eye."

"That's not going to help Byron when he's trying to study," Tim said. "Besides, I doubt if Harris is Byron's type. Is he, Byron?"

"I doubt it, Tim," I replied. "But I guess I might as well get this over with." I grabbed a box out of the trunk of my old beater and trudged up the steps of Markham Hall, my new home.

When I got to Room 347, the door was wide-open, and a noise that could have been music—or a tape recording of a torture session—was blaring away at a deafening volume. I took a deep breath and stepped inside, getting a quick look at what life was going to be like for the foreseeable future. It wasn't a pretty sight. There were two beds. One was a scramble of sheets and blankets. The other, mine presumably, was piled high with boxes. Both desks were littered with empty pizza boxes and beer cans.

Harris stood in the center of the room, his back to me, one step closer to naked than he had been out on the quad. He was wearing a pair of white Jockeys, and he was definitely doing them a favor. The white shorts highlighted his ass—a pair of beautifully rounded globes of flesh that, no doubt, were solid as a rock. Branching out from this focal point were two long, muscular legs; a back that could have served as an anatomy chart of human musculature; two thick arms cabled with veins; and a mop of silvery blond hair supported by a bull neck.

"Excuse me!" I shouted, trying to get his attention. Not only did he have the music blaring in the room, but he was also wearing earphones. If he wasn't yet deaf, he soon would be. After my third scream Harris turned around and looked at me as if I were something left in front of him by a dog that wasn't quite housebroken. "I'm Byron Jennings," I said, extending my hand. "I'm your new roommate."

"Ah, fuck!" he snorted, turning his back on me.

"Nice to meet you too," I said. I dumped the box I was carrying on his bed, no longer unduly concerned about little things like civility. If he noticed, he gave no indication.

After two weeks I knew for a fact that a person could get used to anything. Actually, once Harris realized that I wasn't going to go away, he began to grunt answers to my curt questions. Within a month we were actually sharing pizzas while cramming for tests late into the night. When I confessed to my friends that I was beginning to like Harris's sense of humor, they threatened to take me in for counseling.

"Hey, Poet!" Harris yelled. Once he'd registered my name, he instantly made the connection to the Romantic poet of the same name. I had been shocked, and Harris had looked supremely self-satisfied.

"What is it, Harris?" I snapped irritably. I was trying to complete a paper for history class, and it wasn't going well at all.

"I need a pair of shorts, man."

"Why don't you figure out where the laundry room is, Harris? I'm not your mother." Harris wasn't much good at the domestic side of life. Once a month he boxed up his dirty laundry and sent it home for his mother to wash. I couldn't believe he did it—or that she mailed it back all pressed and clean by Federal Express.

"Just hand them over, Poet." I didn't make a move, so Harris, stark naked and still dripping from the shower, reached across me to the shelf beside my desk where I kept socks and underwear. I looked up from my book and saw Harris's armpit, lightly dusted with golden fuzz, only about three inches from my face. I glanced down the clearly defined sweep of his lat to his hip, glimpsing the full curve of his ass, deeply dimpled just at his hip joint. I looked back up, my eyes caressing the concave line of his belly and coming to rest at the mound of his rock-solid pec. The fat pink nipple perched at the apex of the curve stuck out like a brand-new pencil eraser. I could have licked it easily from where I sat. Fortunately, Harris moved before temptation overwhelmed my better judgment.

"Thanks, Poet," he said.

"You're...Jesus, Harris! I don't fucking believe this shit!" I had begun to pick up some of his more colorful turns of phrase.

"What?"

"Look!" I was pointing—and staring—at his cock. It was a pleasure I usually denied myself for all the obvious reasons. The helmet-shaped knob perched on the end of the shaft was frothy white with icing from the sweet roll I had brought up from the cafeteria earlier in the evening. Harris followed my gaze downward, first to the plate on my desk and then to his cock.

"I'll be damned," he snickered, scooping icing off his prick, then raising the finger to his mouth and sucking it clean. "Not bad, Poet. Want a taste?" He thrust his hips out, and his dick rose up, then flopped back against his balls. The icing got dislodged and landed on the edge of the plate with a soft plop.

"You really are a perv, Harris," I said, looking up into his blue eyes and scowling. He flipped me off cheerfully, wiped himself off on the corner of my bedsheet, got dressed, and left the room.

I stared at the trail running through the icing for a few minutes, then picked up the roll and ate it. I stared at the glob of icing on the edge of the plate for a few more minutes, then picked the plate up and guiltily licked it clean. I suddenly got very horny. I knew Harris wouldn't be back for at least an hour, so I got up from my desk to take care of business.

I stripped and dug the lube out of the drawer under my bed. I popped open the bottle and squirted a cool line of it

onto my hard-on. I smeared it along the shaft, then peeled back my foreskin and greased my knob. That done, I tossed the bottle aside and turned my full attention to getting off. I pressed the balls of my thumbs against the base of my dick and pushed, forcing it to rise straight up in the air. When I tensed my groin muscles, the veins networking the shaft popped out in sharp relief and the glans swelled majestically. It was definitely impressive. My prick was undeniably bigger than the average—over nine inches long and proportionately thick. I had enjoyed it immensely when puberty struck, and since I had come out here at college, others had been equally enthusiastic in singing its praises. It would never improve my grades or get me a raise in salary, but it did make me feel like less of a wimp.

Just as I was getting ready to start whacking, I spied Harris's dirty Jockey shorts on top of one of the piles of laundry stacked beside his desk. Heart pounding guiltily, I grabbed them and retreated to my bed. Unfortunately, the globes of his perfect ass hadn't permanently pressed their shape into the back of the shorts. I did notice, however, that the pouch still conformed to the contours of my roommate's cock and balls. The white fabric was stained yellow with his piss and starched with traces of cock lube.

Feeling more than a little perverse, I crumpled them up and held them close to my face. My nostrils quivered, and my dick flopped excitedly against my fuzzy belly: The shorts definitely smelled like Harris. The odor was faint but distinctive—a spicy musk that registered in my crotch more forcefully than in my nose. I gripped my prick firmly and stroked, pressing the Jockeys closer. The fabric brushed my lips—almost as soft as dick skin and in Harris's case the closest I was likely to get to the real thing.

With that in mind I opened my mouth, stuffed it with the funky shorts, and began to jerk off. I could taste the tang of his salty piss, and the stiff patches of cock juice were distinctly sweet. I threw back my head and began chewing on his dirty shorts, writhing on the bed, moaning softly.

I pressed my fingers to my knob and peeled back my foreskin, fantasizing Harris's full lips were performing the service for me. I stroked down to the base, massaged my balls, and sucked cloth like mad. Harris appeared on the screen of my eyelids, his muscles flexed, a little smirk on his handsome face. He was so damned hot! I imagined the texture of his skin, soft and smooth, stretched over all those eye-popping muscles. I chewed on his shorts, knowing I would accept a failing grade in any class I was taking just for a chance to lick his balls or suck on his big, succulent nipples or, most of all, stick my tongue up his ass.

Harris had a beautiful little pink pucker tucked between his cheeks. I knew this because the first thing he always did when he climbed out of bed in the morning stark naked was bend down and touch his toes. I pretend to be asleep, but I always peek, watching the perfect mounds of his butt split wide to reveal his hairless crack and that tight, throbbing asshole. What bliss to kiss it, lick it, then plug into its hot, moist, electric depths!

My own bliss factor was off the scale as I hunched my hips, driving my hard-on through my clenched fingers. I raised my head and saw my knob swell, getting so big that my hood could no longer cover it completely. Honey was pumping out in big quivering globs, running down the shaft and coating my knuckles. I bit down hard on Harris's shorts as a sexual rush rocked me to the core. I arched my back, raised my hips off the bed, and went for it, flogging myself frantically. My come hole gaped, my cock flexed, and a thick blast of white cream spewed out. It landed hot against my skin, plastering my chest hairs flat. My balls jiggled, my toes curled, and another gusher pumped out, this one filling my navel and drooling down my sides. Still more of the white stuff bubbled out, frosting my knuckles. I collapsed in a panting heap, Harris's sodden shorts hanging out of my mouth.

My sessions with Harris's Jockey shorts soon became an almost daily event. I found myself watching his dirty-clothes pile avidly, always looking for the crustiest shorts I could find. While that kept my libido busy, Harris made a casual remark one day that boosted my ego by leaps and bounds.

"Not bad, Poet," he muttered, walking in on me in the bathroom while I was shaving one morning.

"What's not bad?" I asked, feeling very scrawny as he elbowed me aside and began brushing his teeth.

"That." He squeezed my right biceps hard enough to make me drop my razor in the sink. "Looks like you've been working out."

"Uh...just a few push-ups," I stammered modestly. Truth be told, I'd been spending enough time at the gym to elicit comments from several of my friends. "Don't want to be a total wimp."

"Keep it up, guy," he muttered around his toothbrush. "One of these days you might end up like me." He flexed an awesome biceps at me, a move that threatened to send my prick pointing straight up to the ceiling. I thanked him and cut myself only twice as I finished shaving.

Then it happened. I was propped up in bed late on a Saturday night, cramming for a French midterm, when Harris returned unexpectedly from a date. It was the first time he'd been out with a woman since we'd been roommates, so I was more than a little surprised to see him back so early. I was even more surprised to see his puffy eyes. If I hadn't known better, I would have sworn that Harris had been crying.

"Hey, man, what's the matter?" I asked him.

"I'm fucked," he said, his voice breaking. "Totally finished." I looked at him expectantly. He blew his nose and sat down on the edge of my bed. I felt the heat of his ass through the sheet, burning against my bare thigh. I didn't move it. "I put the moves on, she was receptive, we got hot and heavy—then I couldn't get it up."

"What!" I was shocked. Getting it up was the last problem I would have attributed to Harris.

"Nothing, man," he continued. "Not even a twinge. I went into the can and beat it up, but when I got back to the bedroom, it was like overcooked spaghetti." His broad shoulders slumped, and he hung his head. Before I could come up with any words of comfort, he pounded a fist on the mattress. "Fuck! Now I'm horny again." Just in case I may have doubted the veracity of this, he spread his thighs, tightening the fabric over the twitching bulge in his crotch. "It's so hard, it hurts."

"Uh...maybe I could help out," I blurted, obviously over-

"Uh...maybe I could help out."

come by temporary insanity. Harris knew I was gay–I made no bones about that–but I didn't want him to be freaked because I was coming on to him. I was really beginning to like the guy and didn't want to lose his friendship. Besides, we had to live together for several more months.

"You telling me you'd blow me?" He was looking at me, obviously genuinely curious. "You're serious, aren't you?"

"Totally," I admitted. I couldn't see the point of trying to bullshit him. "You wouldn't have to do a damned thing, Harris. Just lie back and think of something hot."

"You'd do that for me?" he asked. He sounded touched. I nodded. Harris stood up and began to unbutton his shirt, slowly and sexily, his eyes locked on mine. The shirt slipped off his shoulders and fell to the floor. He kicked off his shoes, and his pants followed. When he started to take off his briefs, I held up my hand to stop him.

"Wait!" I barked, surprised by my tone of command. Harris removed his thumbs from the waistband of his snowy briefs and let his arms hang limp at his sides. I threw back the covers, got out of bed, and knelt in front of him. He glanced down at my throbbing hard-on, and his eyes widened, but he didn't say anything. I looked up inquiringly. Harris nodded.

When I reached out and put my hands on Harris's narrow hips, the world didn't end, but my cock did slap me loudly in the belly. I pulled him toward me slowly, watching the wet spot that marked the end of his stiffer grow from dime to quarter size. Finally my lips touched the fabric of his briefs. I heaved a sigh and pressed my tongue against the hot cylinder. Harris moaned, and his hand grazed my shoulder.

I licked him from the knot of his balls out to his cock head, then began sucking the slippery wet spot on his shorts. His glans bulged, and his dick strained toward me, threatening to rip the fabric. I took the head into my mouth and nibbled it gently, instantly rewarded by more of his spicy honey. My furry pecs pressed against his thighs, and his bulging muscles flexed against me.

After several delicious minutes of chewing on him through his underwear, I had to have a taste of the real thing, to feel the texture of his skin against my tongue. I slipped my fingers through the opening in the pouch of his Jockeys and tried to pry him out, but with no success. Harris solved the problem by sitting down on the edge of the bed. I bared him and looked at the pale shaft, the ruddy knob, the network of blue veins, and the gaping piss slit. Then I began to suck.

I was surprised when a few minutes into it, his belly ridged like a washboard and his breath coming in harsh gasps, Harris suddenly pushed my head away and rolled over on his belly. I continued to kneel, baffled, when a light dawned. This I really couldn't believe–Harris's ass was flexing rhythmically, his cheeks shifting hypnotically under their white covering. Could it be possible? No. There was no way. On the other hand...

I saw a tiny hole in his briefs, little more than a flaw in the fabric right along the seam that ran from leg hole to leg hole just behind the pouch. I made a quick calculation, then darted forward, stuck out my tongue, and probed. Bingo! My tongue touched it, feeling it flutter. It was Harris's succulent asshole.

There was no cry of anger, no fist in the chops for stepping beyond the bounds–nothing. Emboldened–and so fucking horny that my balls were in my armpits–I quickly tore at the fabric, making a hole through which I could clearly see my goal. Up close it was a thing of great delicacy and incredible beauty. Hairless, delicate, pink in color, and tightly puckered, his asshole winked up at me when I blew on it. I took a deep breath, hoping to slow the pounding of my heart, then bent my head and kissed it.

The kiss became a lick, which in turn became a fleshy probe, pushing its way through Harris's rear defense system. As I plugged it in deep, I reached under him. His cock was like a rock, the honey pumping out, soaking my sheets. I urged him forward, and he scooted toward the center of the bed. I followed, kneeling between his outspread thighs as I rimmed him like a man inspired.

Once he was nice and loose, I popped a finger into his chute and wiggled it around. Still no outraged protest. Maybe I was dreaming, but if so, it was the most vivid dream of my life. Almost in a daze I reached for my bottle of lube and a rubber. I got my cock bagged and lubed, then pressed the little applicator tip against Harris's bung hole and squeezed. Harris snorted, and the muscles in his back tensed.

I climbed on top of him and kissed his neck. His head was turned to one side, eyes closed, his full lips parted and turned up at the corners, smiling. I blessed my luck, pointed my cock knob at the tear in his shorts, then lowered my hips till I made contact. Still not a word. I pressed, felt the resistance, then the ecstatic sensation of his ass ring dilating and engulfing my knob, squeezing me tight just behind the rim.

I sank into him slowly and easily, every nerve in my body tingling as I achieved my wildest fantasy. Harris took it all without protest. Once buried to the hilt, I lay still, savoring the heat and the tiny spasms of his ass channel. Then Harris bucked under me, and I knew it was time to fuck. I slipped my arms around his chest, right hand on his left pec, left hand on the right, rubbing his nipples with the balls of my thumbs. His pecs bulged, his ass ring snapped down tight, and we were off and running.

From the first thrust we moved together like a single being, intent only on pleasure. It was uncanny, as if we were anticipating each other's every move. He bucked up under me every time I thrust, hunching his hips down and forward as I withdrew, bringing every inch of my cock into the fuck.

I slipped my hands down along his sweaty, tightly muscled belly to his crotch, cupping his balls in one hand and gripping his prick in the other. My hand was sopping in an instant, offering up no friction as he humped my palm. We both tried to hold back, to make it last, but quickly got lost in the intensity of the sensations assailing us. Harris started growling, his knob banging against my fingers, hard as an unripe plum, juice squirting out in hot, sticky streams. I smeared it on his belly and balls, wiped my hands on his shorts, and went back for more, never coming up dry.

Suddenly his prick swelled again, bulging dangerously. I could feel his muscles tensing, increasing the pressure on my tingling dick, shooting sensations through my groin that were too good to last. I pressed my face against his neck, and my dick started to blow, filling the rubber with hot come. Harris shuddered and shot thick streamers that coated my fingers and made hot trails of slime from my wrist to my elbow. We both continued to buck and grind until the last tremor passed, leaving us limp.

"Mmm," Harris sighed. "That was nice." He flexed his butt provocatively.

"Yeah," I agreed. "To say the least." I tightened my arms around his chest and pushed my cock deeper up his channel. "Sorry about your shorts, Harris."

"No problem, Poet," he replied. "I swiped them off your shelf this morning while you were in class." He clenched his sphincter, grabbing me like a silken fist. "Gotcha!"

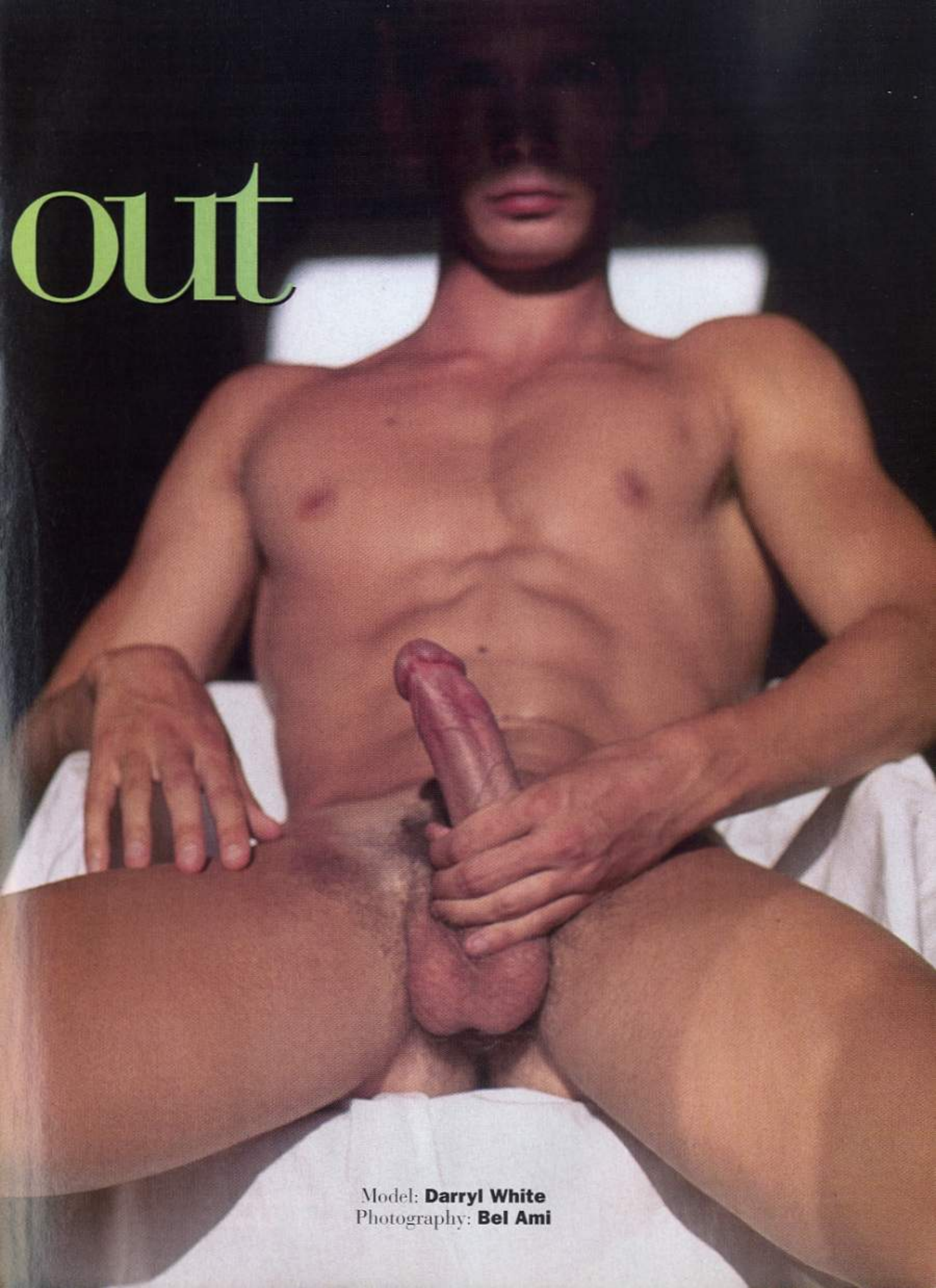
"Yeah," I agreed blissfully. "You sure as hell did." ●

in & out

of underwear, swimsuits, and other support garments

Model: **Jeff Green**
Photography: **Jim Wigler**

in&



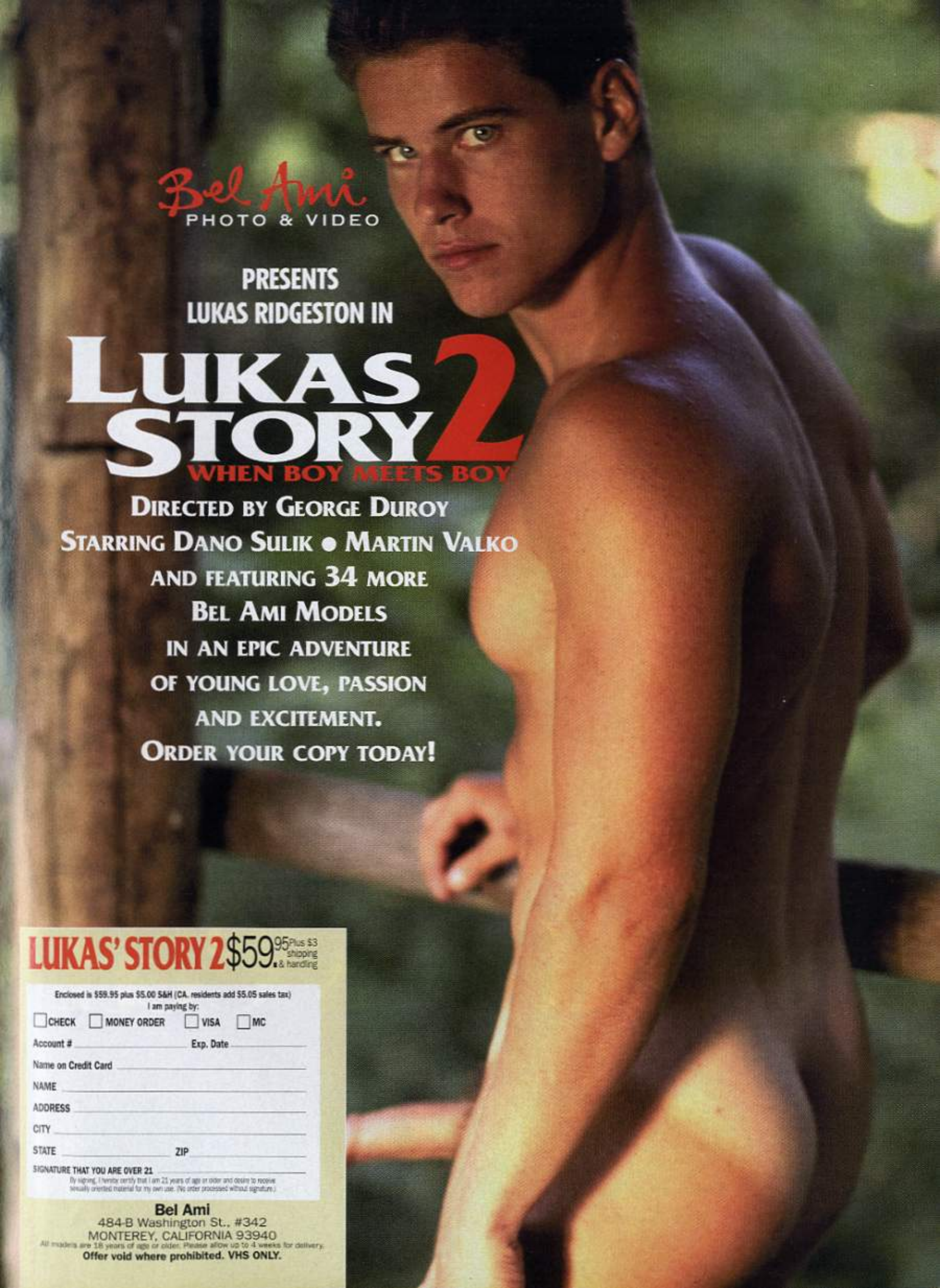
Model: **Darryl White**
Photography: **Bel Ami**

Model: **Jason Stevens**
Photography: **Chuck**

in & out

in & out

Model: **Cameron Taylor**
Photography: **R.G. Studios**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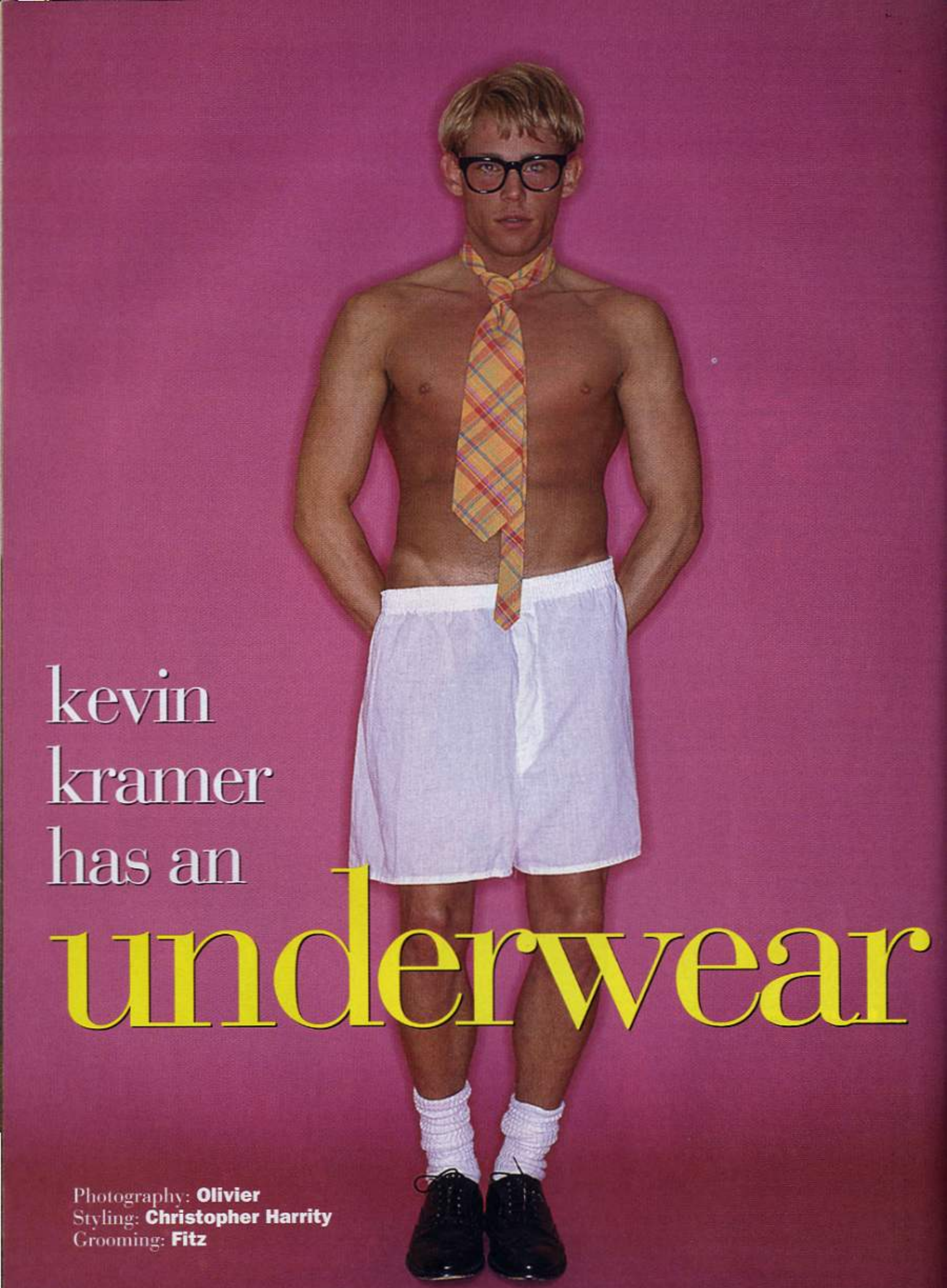


Photography: **Olivier**
Styling: **Christopher Harrity**
Grooming: **Fitz**

Fruit of the Loom cotton boxers (three-pack, $10.98). Cotton crew socks (six-pack, $4), from Kmart.

fetish!

Cotton thermal pants ($48), from Raymond Dragon. Cotton boot socks (three-pack, $4.99), from Kmart.

Cotton-polyester blend
action-hero boy's T-sh
($8.99); striped cotton
tube socks (six-pack,
toy gun ($12.97). All a
Kmart. Hang Ten cotto
briefs (three-pack, $7

Acetate and lycra zipper-front vest ($50) and shorts ($26), both from Raymond Dragon.

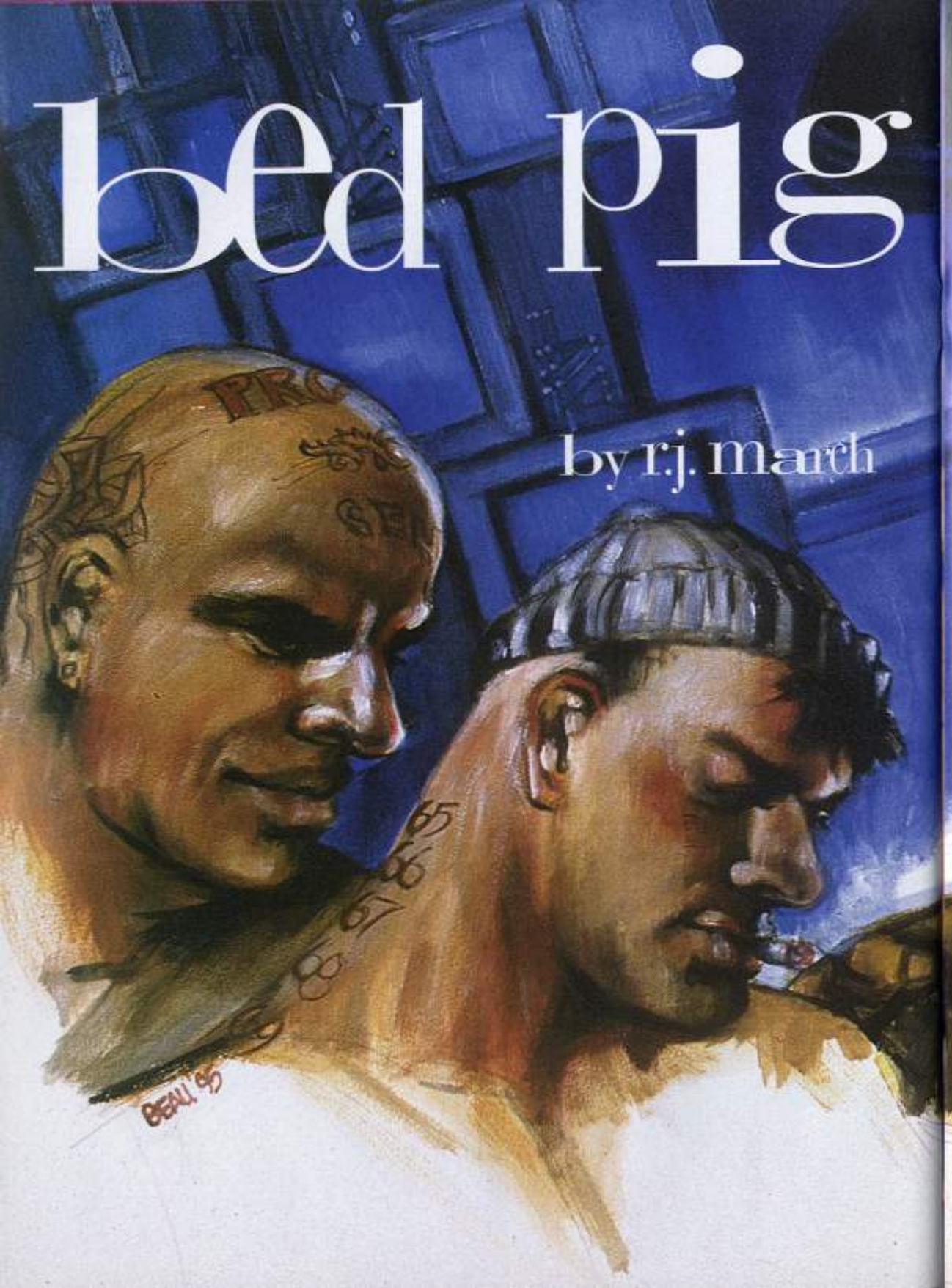
Depend adult diapers (30-pack, $17.97). Low-cut cotton socks (three-pack, $5.94), from Kmart. EvenFlo nurser ($1.43).

bed pig

by r.j. march

Man was pissed. He came into the cell with a rolled newspaper—no telling what it was wrapped around, something heavy the way it bent his wrist, something hard. He had it with both hands, like a bat. I watched the newspaper, wondering if it was one that I had read.

"That last one said you were unkind about his size," Man said, pounding out each syllable with a slap of the newspaper against his palm. "I cannot afford to lose a customer."



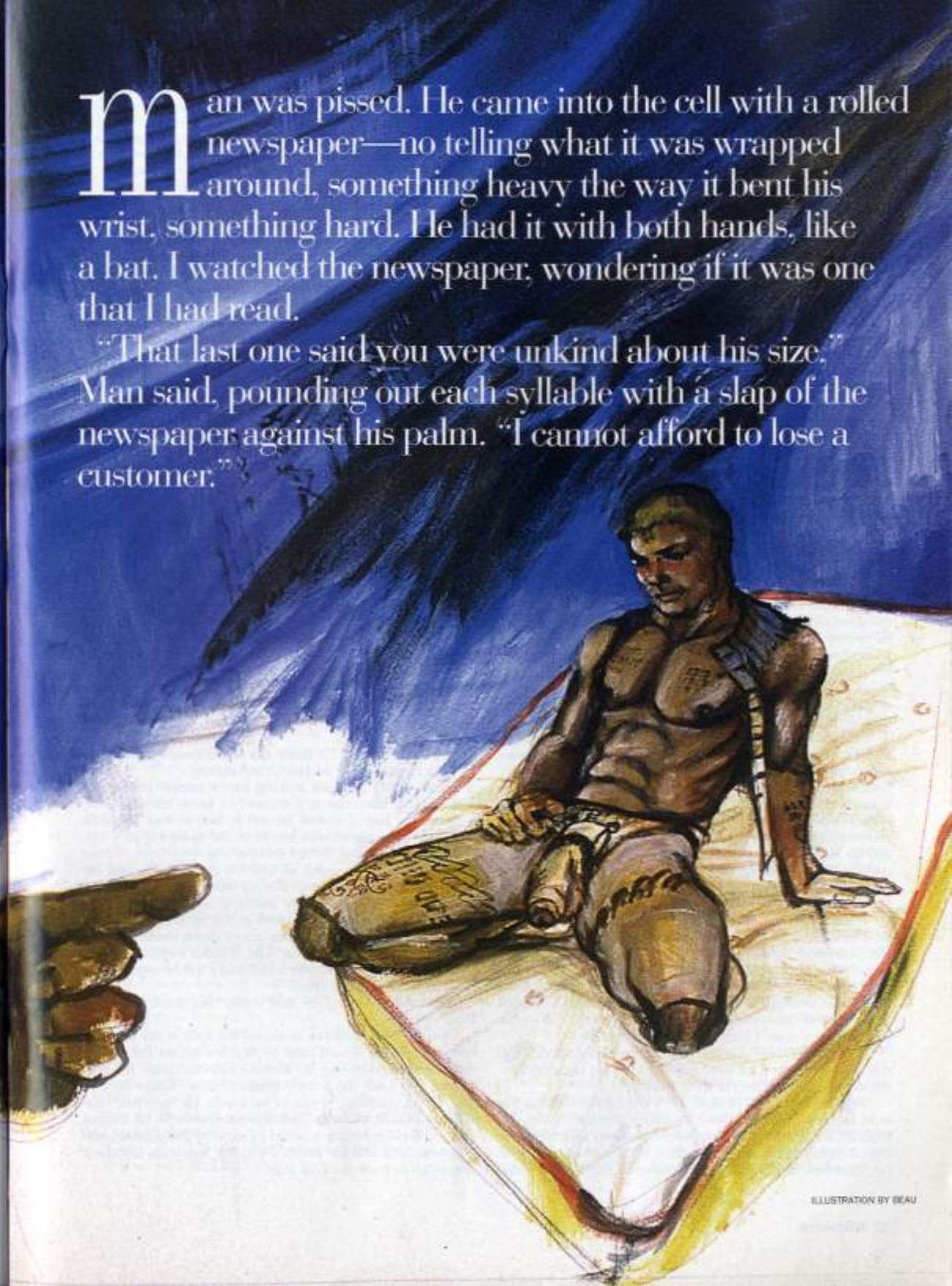


ILLUSTRATION BY BEAU

"I need another book," I told him.

"Did you make an unkind remark about his smallishness?" The newspaper swung over my head.

"I only asked if he was in yet." The roll came back and caught me hard on the side of the face. I was not mistaken about its weight, and my jaw felt broken, and he said to me, touching my hair nicely, pushing my face softly to his pant leg, "Hate to do that, hate to, boy," and I could feel him against my cheek, his cock getting hard. I touched it with my fingers, feeling the heat of it. It dropped low and made a slow ascent until it wedged itself, the head of it pressed hard against the thinning dirty cloth. I breathed on it, put my mouth on it. He fingered my ear, and I heard the bell.

"A customer," he said suddenly. He left the cell.

This is now, and things have changed. I read about the past, what things were like in the '90s, from someone's journal that I keep hidden as if it were my own: "May 2, 1992: Saw Scott again. We walked down the boardwalk and got lost in some dunes, ignoring the DO NOT TRESPASS and STAY OUT OF THE DUNES signs to have a little fun. He begged me to put it to him, and I did, with some spit and elbow grease. I fucked him good, and he said my name over and over and that he was in love."

If I had a journal, I would write, "18.12.2014: I had the small one again today, and he didn't leave me anything. I hate him, and it galls me to have him sweat over me, poking me with that pinkie. Man. I want Man."

"Here's my best," Man said, holding open the flimsy curtain that passed for privacy. A man stuck his head in and glanced around the room. *New one,* I was thinking. I was wearing a baseball uniform, one that Man got from a warehouse stash, some old man hoarding memories of the good old days. Man let him come by for free, but all he ever wanted was someone to touch the back of his head where his white hair was greasy and thin. He'd come by and leave me things, whatever he happened to have in his pocket: an inkless ballpoint pen with a lady on the side whose negligee would disappear when the pen was flipped; a silver thimble; a brittle package that held a dried-up condom.

This new customer was a Builder. I could tell by his hands and the heavy boots he was wearing and the look in his eye—a dim sort of intelligence, but intelligence nonetheless. Builders could afford this sort of luxury. Wreckers, whose wages were considerably less, weren't here as often—only on special occasions—but I liked them the best. They were big and stupid, and there was always one who wanted to lie back and lift his legs. Wreckers were kissers; Wreckers would suck cock. A Wrecker would say, "Shoot in my mouth; let me eat your seed." Builders never said much of anything.

This one did not like my costume.

"What would you like?" I asked him. He was a big one—clean-shaven, dark-eyed. He turned his back as I undressed. His pants were tight in the seat and going thin. He flexed his butt cheeks, knowing I was watching.

I had a see-through baby-doll negligee that I hated, but I thought he would like it. It made me humble, and I couldn't look a man in the eye when I had it on. Man said that's what the customers want. I knew that Man liked it fine.

"Do you like this?" I asked him. He turned around. "Will this do?" He looked me over quickly. I felt my cock thickening in the ladylike sheen of sheer panties.

"Take that shit off," he said. He watched me undress this time, lighting a cigarette and squinting into the smoke. He touched his brow, and I saw his roughed-up fingers, blunt-ended and nicked, scarred with dirt. He squatted, resting on his haunches. His thighs strained his work pants, and I could see the beginnings of a splitting seam at his crotch. "You got anything regular?" he said. He had a small space between his two front teeth and lips that tended to stay open. "You got any jeans or something?" His eyes went over my bare body. "Some underwear?"

"Briefs? Bikinis? Boxers?" I offered.

"Put something on," he said.

I could hear Man breathing outside the cell, could see his boots under the sway of curtain.

I put on a pair of old Y-fronts that were a bit small. He wanted a regular boy, I was thinking, less interested in costumes than he was in ritual. This one was operating from some memory, I decided, from an old book or movie he might have got hold of. I was guessing, of course—there was no pinpointing the mind of a Builder—but it was something to do, to think about, like a crossword puzzle. He finished his cigarette and looked for someplace to put it. I waved a hand as if to say "Anyplace."

"briefs? bikinis? boxers?" i offered.

He stood, wiping his hands on his pants.

"What's your name?" he wanted to know.

"Wilton," I said.

"I'm going to call you Billy," he told me. I looked up at him, nodding, liking the way he towered over me. His belt buckle caught some of the dim light and glittered, a star over his crotch. I wanted to put my hands on him. I found his face, his eyes catching mine. His eyebrows met over the bridge of his nose, his short hair stuck up like brush bristles. I thought I saw him wink.

I was waiting for scenario, a clue about how to make things progress.

And then he said, "Do you love me, Billy?"

I blinked up at him.

"Seriously?" I said. He made a face and looked away.

"You know I do," I told him, catching on.

"Yeah, right," he said, looking into a corner. His profile was suitable for coining. I wanted to press his silhouette between my legs. I moved around in bed so that I was on my back, up on my elbows, legs bent and heels dug in.

"No," I was saying. "I do, I do love you."

He looked at me again, all laid out for him. He said my name, the one he gave me. He got down on his haunches again, putting a finger on the inside of my knee, pushing it out, opening my legs. He stared at the white cover of my crotch, and I felt myself inching about down there, my cock rolling over and waking up. The Builder's eyes, close to black, seemed almost to touch me, and I felt his eyes on my body as he looked me over.

"My name is Geary," he said softly. "But you can call me Brad, right?"

I put my bare foot out and toed the split of his pants. "I love you, Brad," I said, and he laid his hands flat on my thighs. I worked my big toe into the hole and made the hole bigger, and I felt the hairy warmth of skin. "Come lie with me," I said, reaching for one of his hands. He stretched himself out beside me, and I felt the roughness of his clothes and smelled his breath, a blend of whiskey and tobacco and whatever he'd had for lunch. I put my hands on his chest, fingering the buttons of his shirt.

"Kiss me," he said.

"You a Builder?" I asked him. He nodded and pushed his face against mine. He opened his mouth as our lips met, and I felt his tongue swipe across my teeth. He made a noise and pulled me onto him. He laced his fingers over my butt and pulled me closer still, grinding my crotch against the rough front of his pants. I felt all of him, the hardness of him up and down, the rocky muscles of his chest and shoulders, the thick columns of his legs. His chin rested against my cheek for a moment, stubble scratching, as he said things, quiet things, and we rolled over the mattress, his hands going everywhere on me.

He got off me and stood. His mouth was shining with spit. "You can take off my clothes now, Billy," he said, his lips hanging open. He looked dumb and earnest, terrifically sexy. I got to my knees and crawled up to him, unbuttoning his shirt. He wore layers and layers. I stripped him down until I could smell his skin and see it, swirled dark with hair, and I licked the points of his red nipples, the little cave of his navel, the all-but-gone elastic of his boxers hanging low and held up most likely by the stiff prong of his cock.

Brad bent at the waist and put his hands on my shorts. I felt his fingers prodding behind my balls. He poked and probed as I slicked his hairy chest with saliva thick as wallpaper paste, my own cock dancing in my briefs.

"Take it out," he said, looking down at himself, and I uncovered his penis. It stood hard and red and tapered to a pointed, cowl-covered head. Inside the puckered end I could see the glisten of precome. I touched it with my finger and tasted it. "Early dew," Brad said, and he made his prick bob and glisten more. He grasped it at the base, and the tight skin slipped back over the head. He grabbed the back of my head and pushed my face up to his big stick, keeping it just out of mouth's reach. I flicked my tongue at it and drooled over his balls. "Oh, Billy," he said, laughing and wagging his sex playfully before my face, nicking my nose with it from time to time until I was fighting his grip, slobbering for a taste of the Builder's teasing cock.

He pushed my head down to the mattress. He pointed his dick down, dipping it into the well of my mouth. I swirled my tongue along the shaft, feeling the skin give and slide, and tightened my lips to catch the head before he slipped out. I got my hands on his loose sac and palmed his nuts, pressing them back against the thatch of hair that grew around his asshole. I breathed in the strong smell of him down there—piss and shit and sweat—and my crotch roiled, and I humped the mattress as best I could.

Brad stroked the side of my head while I worked on blowing him. I wanted him to fuck my mouth, to jam all of his prick in, to choke and gag me with it. Instead, he caressed my hair. And then he said, "I hope Uncle doesn't catch us."

I choked anyway, but from surprise, and I began to laugh, which was not acceptable behavior. I stifled it quickly, making more choking noises for cover.

"Who?" I said.

"Uncle," Brad said, a little louder, looking perturbed that I had broken character.

"Right," I said. "I hope Uncle doesn't catch us."

"I'm scared," Brad said.

"Me too," I replied, giving his cock knob a long, hard suck, bringing up a mess of goo. Brad folded himself over me and freed my prick from its prison of briefs, and I felt the hot insides of his mouth, a quick and total envelopment of wet heat from piss slit to pubic bone. *Oh my!* I thought, unable to speak, as the Builder began to work his shaft in and out of my face hole.

"What's all this?" I heard and choked again. Brad jumped up and nearly tripped on the tangle of shorts and pants around his ankles. I looked up at Man, who stood over the mattress with his arms folded across his chest.

"So this is what happens when I leave the two of you alone in this hayloft," Man said, fighting a smirk.

"We're going to get it now," Brad said, while I tried to figure out what a hayloft was.

"You bet your ass you're going to get it," Man said, giving his pants front a groping. "Now, one of you better get over here and get Uncle's dick wet."

Brad was pulling on Man's zipper before the words were out of his mouth, and while I was always ready to give Man head, this was Brad's show, and he had first dibs, so to speak, on who did what to whom. I stretched out, satisfied to be a spectator for a change.

Man's pants fell to the floor, his belt buckle clattering on the cement, and Brad began to kiss and peck at Man's long, soft cock. I watched Brad handle the mottled red shaft that was snaked with veins. My mouth watered. Brad licked the nicked rim of the flared head.

"Get it in your fucking mouth, boy," Man said, grabbing Brad's skull and pulling it to his crotch.

"And you," Man barked, winking and wagging a finger at me. Brad looked up from the slowly rising member before him. "That's Billy," he said.

"Shut up and get to work," Man said, knocking his knuckles against the top of Brad's head.

"Billy!" Man shouted.

"Yes," I said, belatedly adding "Uncle." Man's lips curled up. "Get your ass over here and get to work on Brad's butt." Brad, as if on cue, rose from his crouch and spread his legs, making the dark tangle of hair and hole more accessible, not breaking contact with the long suck he had on Man's thick, drooping prick.

I put my hands on Brad's smooth white cheeks and sniffed the stinking ditch of his ass crack. His hole winked and pouted, and I touched it with my tongue. Tensed up, it was like a hard kiss, but then Brad relaxed, and his pinched hole turned to mush. I pushed in and tasted his butt hole. I worked for a while, listening to the sweet music Brad made with Man's dick.

"Is he all wetted up back there?" I heard Man ask. I nodded. Brad sputtered a bit, and Man pulled away, his club of a cock bouncing heavily in the air.

"On all fours," Man ordered. I was impressed with his performance and got on my hands and knees. "Not you, fool," he said, swatting my head with his big hand.

"Not me," Brad said, on his knees and shaking his head. "Not me."

I saw Man's fists at the ends of his arms. I saw Brad's wide chest swirled dark with hair, his nipples red like cherries.

"You're supposed to do *him*," Brad said.

"But I want you," Man said with a scary grin. "I can have this bed pig any time I want." He had his hand on his cock, rubbing the head with his palm. It shone with Brad's spit.

"i h0pe Uncle dOesn't catch us."

"You want it too," Man said. "You know you do."

Brad touched his fingers to his brow. His shoulders rounded as he pressed his tits against his thighs, his ass hovering an inch over the floor. "You're supposed to do Billy, and then I'm supposed to do him. That's how I told you I wanted it."

"This ain't about you anymore," Man said, getting Brad by the hair and pulling him up to the fat, split, leaking head. He pushed his crotch into Brad's face. Brad opened up with a groan and sucked down Man's prick, taking it to the bone. I put my hand on the small of Brad's back. It was wet with sweat; I smoothed the dark hairs that grew up from his ass, making them all go in the same direction. I slipped my hand down into the dark crack and felt for his hole. It was burning and open, its pucker gone, smooth now and ready. I slipped a finger in easily; he squirmed a little with two fingers, and with three he fucked himself on Man's giant dick, tears squeezing from his eyes, hands gripping Man's beefy ass and forcing him in again and again.

Man cuffed him.

"Take it easy, or I'll misfire," he growled. He pulled out and held on to his nuts. "This sperm is for your butt, Brad. You want it now, don't you?"

Brad nosed into Man's balls, which had tightened up and were riding close to his body. Brad tongued through the matted hair, worshiping the sac that held the hot load.

"Hands and knees," Man barked, and Brad did as he was told, positioning himself on the mattress. Man stood behind him and squatted, spitting into the cup of his hand and giving his pecker a few loving strokes. He put his hand on Brad's ass and touched the hole with his thumb, pushing in with no fight whatsoever. He fucked Brad like that for a while until Brad started whimpering. Man slapped his back hard and told him to shut the fuck up. He gripped himself and pushed his shaft, red and veined and hard, inside Brad's pretty ass.

Brad cried out. "Wet it," he yelped, "for God's sake."

"You're wet enough," Man said, and he began to pump into the big, muscled butt. I got myself behind him and licked the salty sweat that ran off him. He grabbed me in a headlock, and my face was pressed hard against a massive pec, a big nipple against my lips. I sucked on it and bit it, and Man held me tighter, the stink of his armpit against my cheek.

"It hurts," Brad said, his voice deep and choked. "It hurts, Uncle." I sucked all of Man's tit into my mouth, biting into the huge, hard muscle, and Man chuckled and slapped Brad's reddened butt, getting a leg up and reaming into the man even harder, causing him to curse hotly, his words busted by each ramming stroke, his breath taken away again and again.

I got myself free and stood up, my cock waving hard and dripping. Man looked at it under his nose. He cocked his eyes up at me, sniffing. His face was all wet, and he licked his lips. I put my pecker end against them, and he put out his tongue again. I saw Brad twisting around to look at us. Man took all of me into his mouth, and I touched his face. I was long and narrow and had my end skin. Man liked to peel it back and lick around inside. He put his tongue in and made his lips hard. I pushed more and more into his mouth. I knew he liked to choke on it, enjoying the feel of it hitting the back of his mouth, his throat closing down around it. He grunted happily, making piggy noises. Brad shook his head, and droplets flew. His back was broad and shining, all muscle, and the knobbed channel of his spine ran down the middle of him, right down to his crack and the gush of hole that Man was filling with dick. I wanted to ride on that back myself, wanted to pump myself into his ass and make him yell and shake his fists and beg for more.

Man gurgled on my come stick, and I felt myself knotting up and getting stony. My nuts sucked up, and I went up on my toes and blasted into Man's mouth. Pearly strings of jism spilled out, and Man rolled his eyes up—they disappeared into their sockets. Meanwhile, he increased his tempo, sliding into Brad's butt with lightning-fast jabs. Brad was very nearly squalling with the fucking he was getting. He hollered for more cock, and Man gave him all he had, bellowing up at the ceiling as he shotgunned into that burning red cunt, firing load after load of oatmeal-thick goo.

"Get down there and take Brad's sperm," Man said, hitting me with the side of his hand. Brad raised himself up and stood on his knees, jacking himself off mightily. I stretched out in front of him, ready for his come, the first of it hot and blinding in my eye. I licked him off my lips as Brad heaved and growled, pumping out more to cover my chest and stomach. He fell over on top of me and kissed the cream from my eyelid, his mouth all over my face until it found my lips. He kissed me deeply. I watched Man dress and leave.

At the end of his time, Brad said good-bye and dug into his pockets for some sort of gratuity. He pulled out lint and something folded up. "It's a picture of me a long time ago," he said. I opened it up gently, looking at an image of him as a very young man. "I was barely 18," he said. He was shirtless, sitting under a tree, smiling. He had yet to pack on the girth and muscle of manhood. I stared at his open crotch where the pale skin of his balls had seeped out from his shorts. I felt myself going hard again.

"You're giving this to me?" I asked him.

"I am," he said, grinning, showing the space between his two front teeth.

It was the nicest thing anyone had ever given me, and I told him so.

He looked down at the picture and then at me again. "My pal Billy took this," he said.

Man came in later, at the end of the night. He stood by the curtained door and looked at me in the strange light cast by the little lamp I read by.

"You did good today," he said. He put his hand up under his shirt and rubbed the fur on his belly, then undid his pants and crawled across my bed. I watched his dark-haired ass tense as he made his way up to me. He put his head on the small of my back and blew kisses over my butt, his hot breath curling around my anus, and then I felt his finger. I could see him humping the mattress.

"Tell me about the old days," I said to him. "What was it like back then?"

Man licked at the hairs that grew in a triangle over my ass—hair oddly golden, when all the rest was dark.

"The '80s?" Man said. "The '90s? It was different."

"Come on, tell me," I insisted.

Man gently pushed a finger into my butt hole. "I love your tight little pussy," he said. "How do you keep it so nice and tight for me?"

I squirmed around under him.

"Shut up and fuck me," I said, and he did. ●

"get down there and take brad's sperm."

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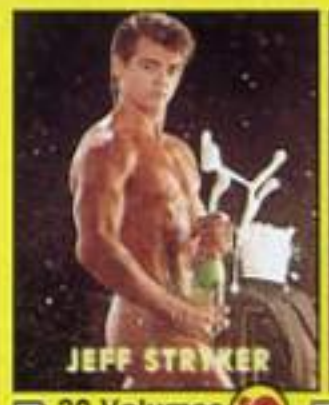

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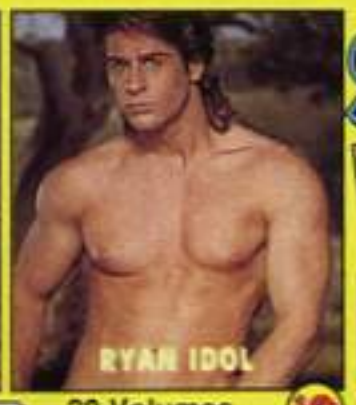

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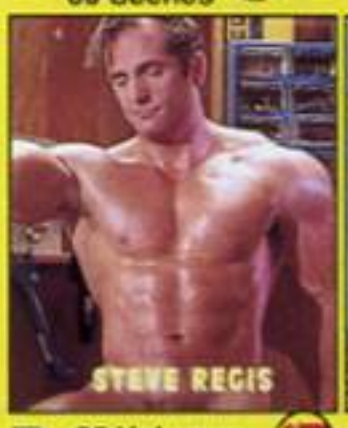

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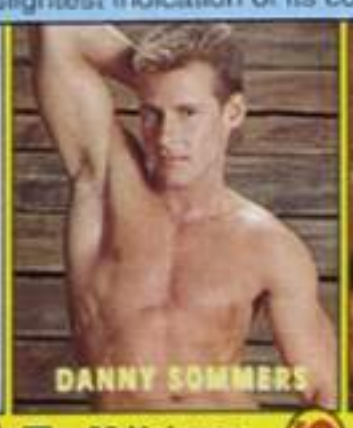

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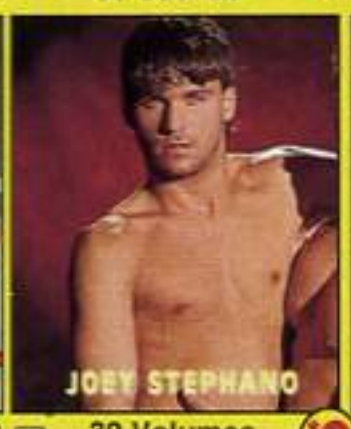

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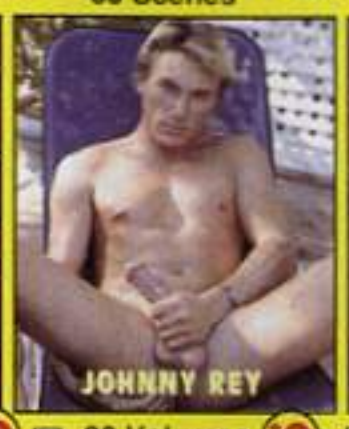

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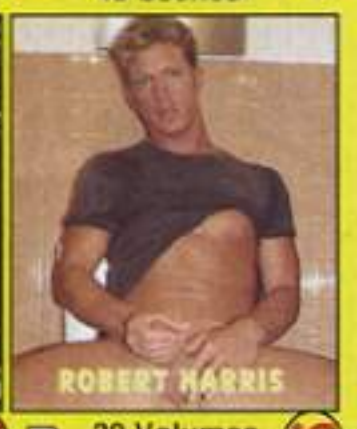

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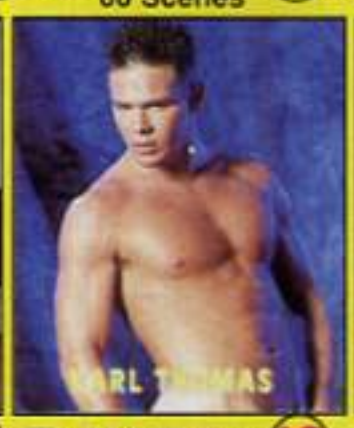

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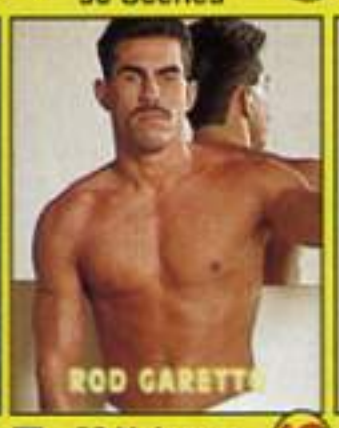

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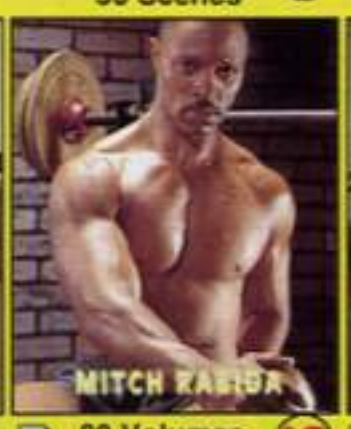

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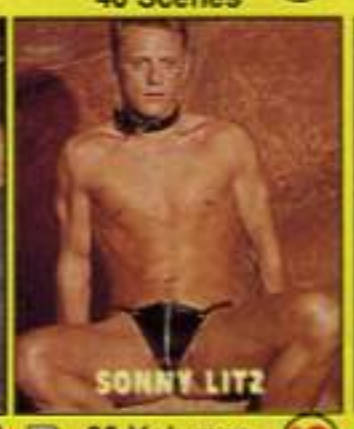

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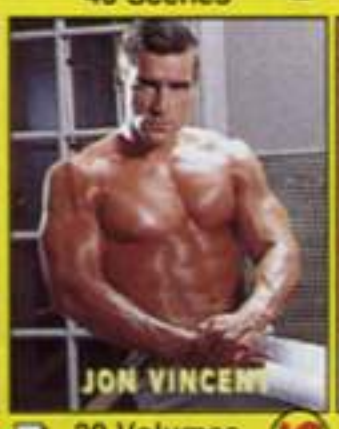

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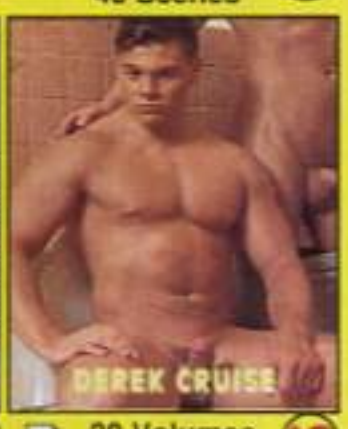

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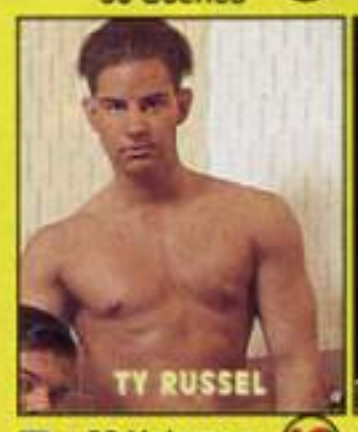

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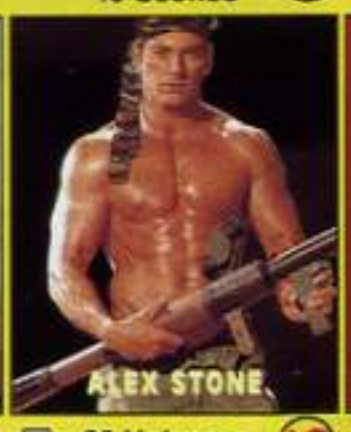

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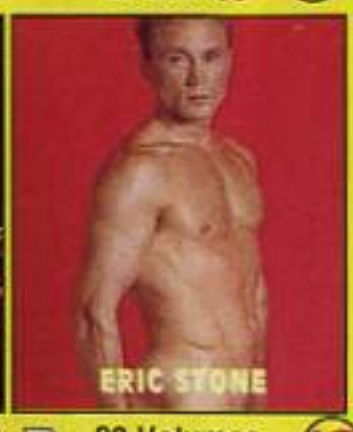

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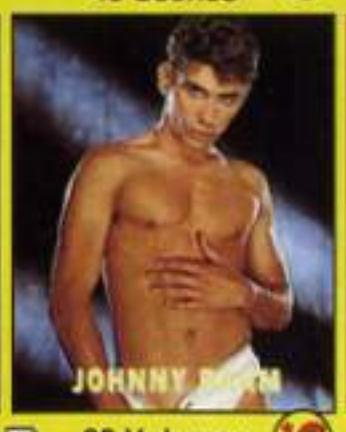

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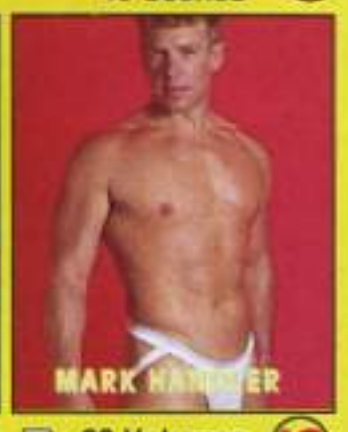

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the roommate

BY MALCOLM ROBERTS

"That chemistry prof's a queer!" Tommy's roommate, Frank, snarled, slamming the dorm room door behind him. He threw his books onto his narrow twin bed and angrily opened a bottle of root beer.

Blond 18-year-old Tommy Sims was working on an English comp. assignment at the flimsy desk. He looked up at the black-haired Italian sophomore who'd been assigned to his room, 669, at State's newest dorm, Everett Hall. "What's the gripe, Frank?" he asked nervously. Frank made him pretty uncomfortable most of the time. They'd only been living together for two weeks, and Frank spent what seemed like hours talking about "queers," "pansies," and "faggots" and about how they were always harassing him on campus, in restaurants, and in the gymnasium locker room when he went to his Weightlifters Club meetings. Frank hated "homos," and Tommy was worried his roommate would somehow find out that the attractively fit and handsome freshman had done a bit of experimenting over the summer, most recently in a four-person sex orgy with a pair of randy farm-boy pornographers and the decadent young publishing heir Phillip Barrington.

"He's a fag. He makes all the good-looking guys sit in front so he can undress 'em with his friggin' eyes." Frank was from Philadelphia and frequently used very coarse language. "Then he put his hand on my shoulder. Yuck! I gotta get ready for practice."

Tommy knew what this meant, so he casually picked up his work from the desk and stretched out on his own bed, facing the front of the room. Frank kicked off his engineer boots, then removed his socks, chinos, boxers, and plaid button-down shirt.

"Whatever happened to that little dolly I saw you with in the library?" Frank asked. "What was her name? Mary Lou? That dish gives me the hots."

Tommy looked up from his sentence diagramming, the conversation a good excuse to get an eyeful of Frank in the nude. "I don't think she likes me that much," Tommy fibbed. Frank rippled with thick, beefy muscles from his neck to his ankles. His broad, masculine shoulders crowned an enormously developed chest that tapered to a trim waist. His penis was uncircumcised and hung well below his scrotum. A tiny triangle of short, dark pubic hair was all that was left unshaven. His thighs and calves bulged as he walked the short distance to the closet and yanked an athletic supporter from the built-in dresser. Tommy watched him step into it, Frank's genitalia disappearing into the rounded white pouch.

"All that Mary Lou needs is a good screwing," Frank rudely conjectured. He went to the sink and applied deodorant under his brawny arms, then squeezed Ipana onto his toothbrush. "I'd do the job myself, if it weren't for Angela back home." Angela was Frank's girlfriend. He often regaled Tommy with graphic tales of their sex life. "But my pogo stick can take only so much pussy."

The towheaded 18-year-old blushed at the off-color references. He couldn't help sneaking long looks at Frank's perfectly rounded, tight buttocks, displayed so appetizingly in his jockstrap. Then, afraid Frank would notice him admiring his rear, Tommy sat up and pretended to notice something on the Mamie Van Doren calendar taped to the cinder-block wall. SEPTEMBER 1962. Tommy was comforted by Mamie's saucy, busty presence in the room. She would help deflect any suspicion that Tommy "fought for the pink team"—one of Frank's slang expressions for homosexuals. Tommy's gaze, however, surreptitiously returned to the almost-naked Frank, who was vigorously brushing his teeth and spitting into the sink.

That night Tommy had a bizarre dream. He was in the school cafeteria, wearing only plain white briefs—though no one seemed to notice—and enjoying a delicious bowl of vanilla pudding. It was so flavorful and rich, he scraped his spoon against the dish to gather every creamy drop, then decided to go for seconds. Strangely, there were no servers behind the counter. Finally one of the elderly cafeteria ladies told him the pudding was being prepared in the kitchen and gave him permission to go in. He did and was dumbstruck at what he saw: Frank, absolutely naked and glistening as if freshly rubbed down with hot oil, stirring a huge pot of pudding with one hand and masturbating with the other, shooting thick white spurts of come from his engorged cock into the delicious dessert. Tommy woke up in the middle of a nocturnal emission.

He squinted at his wind-up alarm clock: 1:20 a.m. A quick inspection of the sheets revealed that they were blessedly dry. Most of the mess was in Tommy's pajama bottoms. He darted out of bed, humiliated despite his knowledge that wet dreams are a perfectly normal occurrence.

Frank was snoring in the next bed. He always slept in the buff. By the glow of the outside light, Tommy could see Frank's muscular buttocks—the sheet was crumpled around his ankles—as the burly powerlifter slept on his stomach. His right knee was bent, allowing the blond freshman a view of Frank's testicles spilling out between his smooth, rock-hard thighs.

Tommy leaned over his snoozing roommate for a closer inspection. His testes were the size of goose eggs and looked so appealing in their hairless scrotum, Tommy couldn't help reaching out and caressing them with his index finger. As if in a trance, Tommy placed his hands on Frank's taut buttocks and gently began to separate them. Suddenly the Italian moved in his sleep. Tommy let out a yelp and jumped back, terrified. But Frank didn't awaken. He merely rolled onto his back, revealing an enormous erection.

Tommy had to stifle a gasp when confronted with the size of the black-haired youth's endowment. It had to be nine or ten inches! The foreskin had retracted from the plump magenta head, and the entire veined organ seemed to throb with a life of its own. Tommy's anus quivered in his sticky pajama pants as he imagined Frank penetrating him with the thing. His own penis twitched, hardening and distending from Tommy's semen-matted pubic region. He needed a cold shower with plenty of soap, and quick!

Tommy grabbed a clean towel from his linen cupboard and crept out of the room as quietly as possible. The bathroom was at the end of the hall. Since it was a school night, the dorm was quiet. The semester had just started, so there was no need for anyone to be burning the mid-

night oil just yet, and most of the students were too considerate to use loud phonographs or TV sets after 9 p.m. Tommy didn't see a soul until he entered the rest room. At the end of a long line of stalls and urinals was a communal shower that he was sure would have been deserted at this hour. But there were two young men cavorting under the spray of three nozzles, laughing and seemingly lathering each other up with handfuls of soapy suds. They paid Tommy no attention as the dimpled underclassman approached.

He recognized the boys! They were those cute identical twins who bunked in Room 666 across the hall, freshmen with lean but well-defined swimmers' builds. Everything about them was exactly the same, from their short, wavy brown hair and light blue eyes to their pert nipples and—wait a minute! Something *was* different. Their penises! One was circumcised, and the other wasn't.

"Hi, there!" The circumcised sibling waved to Tommy. "Hope Brad here's not making too much of a racket!" He slapped his brother's bare bottom, eliciting a "Hey, cut it out!" from his fraternal shower mate. Tommy found the whole situation a bit odd but figured the twins had probably always bathed together, and after all, he himself was no stranger to good-natured roughhousing in the nude with his pals.

Tommy hurriedly shucked his soiled pj's, wadding them up in a ball and placing them on a wooden bench. "No, no," he said. "This bathroom's soundproofed, I'm sure. I just couldn't sleep, and I figured a cold—I mean *hot*—shower would help." Tommy glanced down at his penis, which stubbornly remained in its half-tumescent state. He hoped it wasn't too obvious as he joined the naked twins under a neighboring nozzle.

"I'm Chad Stevens, and this is my brother, Brad," the circumcised twin continued.

"Tommy Sims. Pleased to meet you," Tommy replied, politely shaking hands. He self-consciously soaped his crotch, then continued up his flat stomach and down to his knees so the twins wouldn't think he'd come in just to wash his privates. "You guys must have played lots of tricks on teachers and junk, being identical and all."

"*Almost* identical," Brad corrected him. "Look at us both. Can you see what's different?"

Tommy knew darn well what was different but pretended to study the twins for a few seconds before replying. "Your noses?"

"Don't be a goon!" Chad exclaimed. "It's our wangs. I'm cut, and Brad isn't."

"Oh, yeah," Tommy said weakly, turning the cold spigot on full-blast.

"See, we were born in Australia," Brad went on to explain. "We're Navy brats, and our mom couldn't decide if circumcision was a good idea or not, so she had them do Chad and left me alone so she could tell us apart."

"That's neat," Tommy said.

"Most girls don't know anything about guys' cocks, so we've even done the old switcheroo on hot dates a few times," Chad said, winking at Brad and elbowing Tommy's solid quarterback's torso.

"Do you have a girlfriend?" Brad asked Tommy, while hygienically washing under and around his foreskin.

"Yeah," the blond boy lied. "I mean, sort of. We broke up when I left for college."

"A big, husky fella like you must need to get serviced pretty regularly, huh?" Chad cracked impertinently.

Tommy's mouth popped open, but nothing came out. What on God's green earth could Chad be getting at? Flashbacks of Tommy's poolside seduction by his mischievous neighbor Billy last July whirled through his addled brain like an ADULTS ONLY slide show. Were these twins planning some type of incestuous threesome, with Tommy in the middle like deviled ham spread between two slices of fresh white bread? He was sure his burgeoning erection would be all the answer Chad and Brad needed.

"What Chad means," Brad interjected, "is that we discovered this cool sex secret about the dorm. See, there's this really horny, good-looking sorority girl from Sigma Tau Delta who just loves to give blow jobs. She sneaks over here to the sixth floor every Thursday at 4 and hides in the janitor's closet, which is right next to the storage room by the fire extinguisher."

"And what some of the guys have been doing," Chad interrupted, "is going into the storage room and sticking their dicks through this hole she drilled and getting sucked off. We did it last week, and—man!—I practically came buckets."

"No kidding! That's really boss," Tommy said. "I'll have to remember that—Thursdays at 4." The twins seemed to be staring at him. "I love b.j.'s," he added, hoping that's what a regular-type guy would say. "Getting them, I mean."

"What else?" Brad laughed.

"Well, I better be hitting the sack. Nice meeting you two," Tommy mumbled, making a hasty departure wrapped in his towel.

Back in the room, Frank was tossing and turning in his sleep. Tommy didn't want to risk masturbating, even though the encounter with the twins had left him wide awake and inexplicably aroused. He calmed himself by counting sheep and had nearly drifted off when Frank suddenly sat bolt upright and said, "No, Angela. I don't want to wait anymore,

"I love b.j.'s," he added, hoping that's what a regular-type guy would say. "Getting them, I mean."

damn it. Yeah, I love you. You love me? Fuckin' prove it." The words were slurred, but Tommy was able to make out their general meaning.

Frank got out of bed and started to pace the dorm room, completely naked. "Angela, I been thinkin' about it all week. I need it. C'mon, babe, I know you like it too." Frank was walking in his sleep! And what's more, he was sporting another massive erection, which he lightly fondled in his right hand. "Suck it, Angela. Please suck my cock, baby." He stopped at the side of Tommy's bed, his organ pointing toward the blond freshman commandingly. "Touch it, Angela. Just rub on it a little first."

Jeepers, he thinks I'm his girlfriend back in Philly! Tommy thought madly.

"Play with it." Frank seized Tommy's wrist and placed his roommate's hand on his penis. It was thick and steely and actually hot to the touch. Tommy found himself involuntarily squeezing it while Frank moaned, his eyes still shut. Tommy's own member shot stiffly through the fly of the clean boxers he'd changed into.

"Back and forth. That's nice, real nice," Frank crooned in a faraway voice, directing Tommy's manual manipulation of his beefy bologna. "Now use your tongue, Angela. Lick me up and down."

Tommy wondered if he should be responding, perhaps in a girlish voice. Instead of speaking, however, he began to cover Frank's titanic penis with wet, greedy kisses. He was lapping the bulbous glans when Frank's manly hand gripped Tommy's straw-colored crew cut and forced his young pal's mouth around his hardness, which slid in almost halfway. "Oh, yeah, Angela. I love screwing you, angel puss. Swallow that fat cock," Frank said in a sleazy, hushed tone as Tommy excitedly fellated as much of the overgrown phallus as possible. He steadied himself by gripping Frank's powerful, contoured buttocks, which flexed rhythmically with each thrust into Tommy's mouth.

"Oh, Jesus! Oh, Mother Mary! Shit! Christ! I'm going to come! I'm going to shoot! Oh, God!" Frank babbled profanely. He wrenched his turgid member away from Tommy's lips and ejaculated what seemed like buckets of warm white semen, spraying Tommy's face, chest, and sheets. Frank wiped his softening horse dick with his hand and tumbled wordlessly back into his own bed. Soon he was snoring. Tommy lay still, reeling in shock and resigned to the fact that he was going to have to sleep in a very wet bed that night.

The next morning the roommates hurriedly got ready for classes. Tommy wondered if Frank would make any mention of the strange nocturnal incident. As Tommy was leaving for breakfast, Frank, pulling on a T-shirt but nude if flaccid from the waist down, remarked, "I gotta quit eating pizza right before bed. I think I had this wacky dream about Angela and how I fucked her all night, but I can't remember a thing about it. See you after my 4 o'clock class."

Tommy spent the day, a Thursday, awash in confusion and plagued by a persistent erection. It was all too much—the sleepwalking, Frank's huge penis crammed down his gullet, the identical twins and their nonidentical dicks, and the story about a secret "blow job" closet. He got home after 3 o'clock calculus but didn't admit to himself what he had planned until he nonchalantly strolled down the hall to the storage room by the fire extinguisher. It was unlocked. He went in. It was a narrow, drab space with a few unopened paint cans and some boxes and shelving. Most conspicuously, there was a three-inch-wide round hole in the wall. He peeped through but saw only darkness. He checked his Timex: 4:04. *Oh well,* he thought, *here goes nothing.* He undid his trousers and let them drop to his knees, then lowered his Jockey shorts and inserted his rigid penis through the hole.

Seconds later he felt a smooth face come into contact with his organ. Graceful fingers held it in place as a moist, velvety mouth began to nuzzle and tongue it. Tommy bit his own lip, utterly transported by the delicious feel of oral sex. Chad and Brad had been right. This girl was an expert! But what a whore she must be! Nice girls didn't give "b.j.'s"—and certainly not through a hole in the janitor's closet in the boys' dorm.

But if that's how she gets her jollies, Tommy conceded, trying to keep still as the anonymous mouth fellated his entire tingling shaft. Tommy felt an orgasm beginning to build somewhere deep inside him, but then the sucking ceased. A loop was fitted over his erection and tightened. *What the heck?* He tried to pull back through the hole, but his penis was firmly tethered in place.

"Hey, what's goin' on?" he asked in a low but agitated voice. "Miss? Miss? Let me go!" He heard a door close in the hall and panicked. What if he was discovered in here? Expulsion or heavy demerits, at least. But how could he get away? Then the storage room door opened, and one of the twins came in.

"Hi, Tommy," the twin said devilishly. He closed the door and tossed the short bathrobe he was wearing to the floor. Tommy thought it was Chad, but he couldn't quite tell for sure because the handsome twin's penis was enlarging too rapidly. "Chad!" Tommy protested. "I think I'm stuck!"

Chad went behind Tommy and yanked the blond's pants and briefs to his ankles. "No, you're not. I just put a leash on your big hog leg so you wouldn't split while I went and got Brad to take over for me. Your dick tastes great, by the way."

"*You!* You mean you two—" Tommy stammered.

"We played a little trick on you," Chad admitted. He

Frank's manly hand gripped Tommy's straw-colored crew cut and forced his young pal's mouth around his hardness.

used an underhand stroke to caress his own hefty erection. "But it's all in fun."

Tommy felt the leash on his penis slide off, replaced by a new mouth, wetter and hungrier than the first. He closed his eyes and surrendered to the skillful oral stimulation. Meanwhile, Chad was massaging his shoulders and back, then rubbing his shapely white buttocks. He motioned for Tommy to spread his legs wider apart, then the blond youth felt Chad's tongue exploring the cleft of his rear, separating the buttocks and tickling his puckered hairless anus with firm licks. Torn by the twin sensations, Tommy could only moan with pleasure.

Chad's busy tongue and fingers were so intent on probing Tommy's rectum, the towheaded frosh barely noticed that the fellatio had stopped. Tommy pushed his rear backward, enjoying Chad's attention to his ass. The door opened, and Brad came in. He took a key from the pocket of his cutoff warm-up pants and locked the door behind him.

Tommy withdrew his still-stiff penis from the glory hole and turned to face the uncircumcised twin, who quickly doffed his pants and knelt naked on the floor to resume sucking the aroused novice. With Chad's three fingers now probing his tender, sensitive bottom and Brad devouring his cock, it was no surprise when Tommy, caught up in this cyclone of sexual excitement, began pumping the first drops of salty semen into Brad's experienced mouth. Brad sucked even harder, draining Tommy's testicles as the blond freshman bit his own forearm to keep from crying out.

Utterly spent, Tommy did not resist as Chad bent him over a large cardboard carton and proceeded to cover his asshole with a thick, oily lotion. "Let's twin-fuck him," Brad suggested to his circumcised brother. "On the count of three. One, two, three!" Tommy wondered what in blazes they were up to but wised up in a hurry as Chad's penis forcefully entered his rectum at the exact same time Brad inserted his nearly identical organ between Tommy's lips. The twins began a steady rhythm, alternating thrusts into the blond's tight orifices.

It was impossible for Tommy to decide which he preferred—a penis in his mouth or one in his anus. He concluded that being simultaneously penetrated by attractive, well-endowed twins was the best of all possible worlds. He wondered if they would ejaculate at the same time. As if reading his mind, Chad eased himself out of Tommy's bottom and said "Bull's-eye!" to his brother. Brad reluctantly withdrew his cock from Tommy's juicy oral embrace and began wildly masturbating. Tommy glanced over his shoulder and saw Chad doing the same. With uncanny precision the twins fired their creamy loads at each other, Chad splattering Brad's hard young torso as his brother shot sticky white ejaculate onto Chad's chest and chin.

"Better than some ol' sorority girl, huh?" Brad asked Tommy, putting an arm around the freshman's shoulders and idly pinching his nipple.

"Wait a second, guys," Tommy implored. "We can't walk out of here at the same time. If my roommate sees, he'll beat the stuffing out of us."

"Who? That big Italian asshole?" Chad scoffed.

Tommy nodded. "Frank's always talking about queers and homos and junk and how much he hates them. He's got a real beef."

Brad replied, "We see him in the showers all the time. He's usually staring at our wangs too."

"And he always looks like he's got a boner," Chad added. "I think he's a fairy!"

"Oh, no," Tommy insisted. "He's not. He's got this girlfriend back in Philly named Angela, and they sleep together all the time." He reddened. "In fact, last night Frank was walking in his sleep, and he thought *I* was Angela, and he was, you know, hard, and he sort of made me give him a blow job. In his sleep."

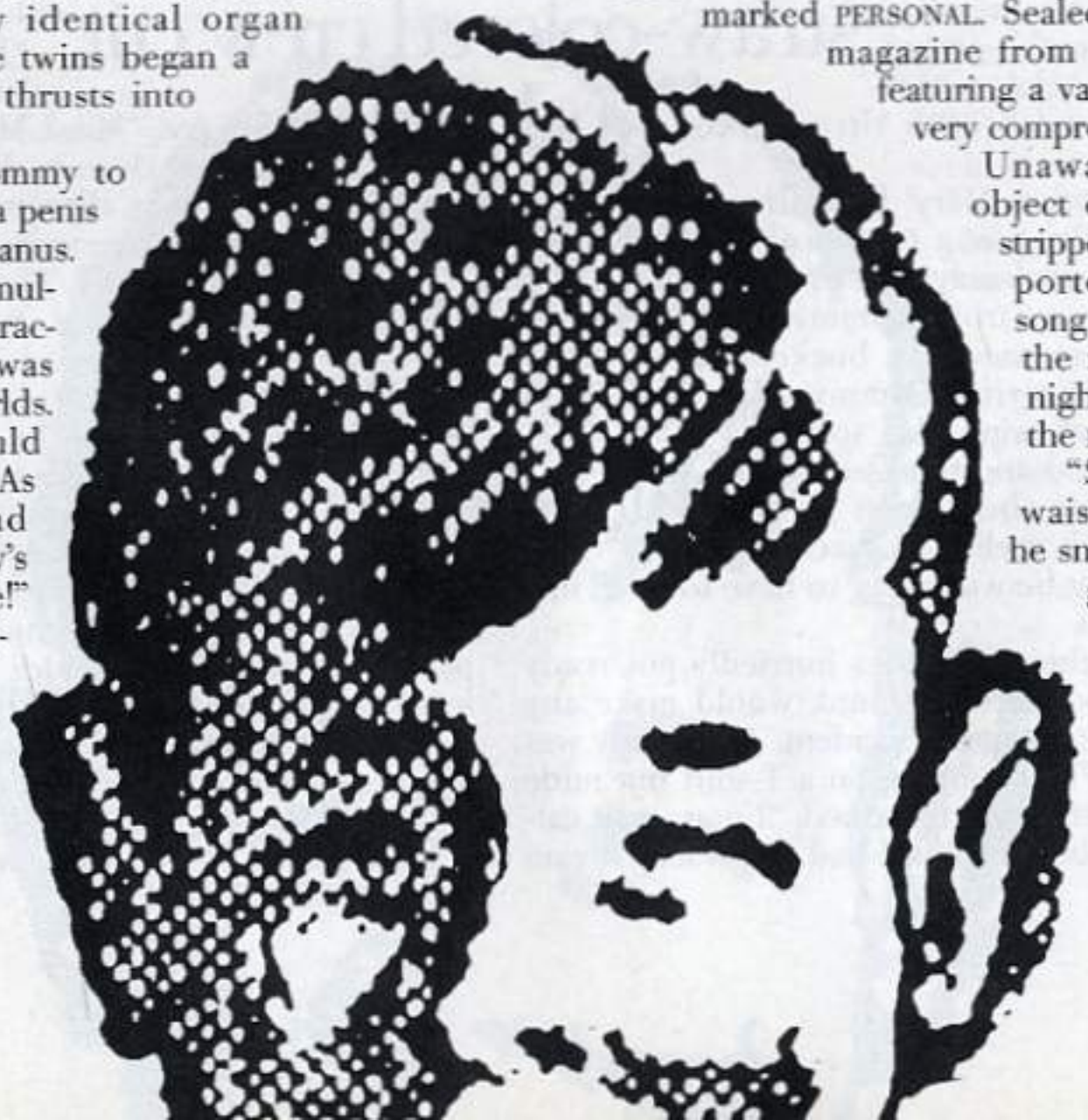
The twins rolled their eyes at each other. Brad spoke first. "Jesus, Tommy. Where have you been—driving a turnip truck? Your roommate's queer, and I've got just the plan to smoke him out."

Later that night Chad, Brad, and Tommy were huddled in Tommy's closet when Frank came home from weightlifting practice. The three chums had cleared out the closet, stowing Tommy's things in Chad and Brad's room for safekeeping so they'd have a good hiding place from which to spy on the bodybuilder. On the night table were two items: a forged note that read, "Dear Tommy: Meet me at the library at 10 Thursday night for a study date. Mary Lou," and a manila envelope addressed to Frank marked PERSONAL. Sealed inside was a nudist magazine from the twins' collection featuring a variety of young men in very compromising positions.

Unaware that he was the object of surveillance, Frank stripped to his athletic supporter, humming a Dion song and prancing around the room. He noticed the night table and picked up the note from "Mary Lou."

"So the little panty-waist's gonna get lucky," he snickered. "Ha! I guess I got the place to myself for a while." He dropped the note on Tommy's bed and saw the envelope. "What's this?" He tore it open and pulled out the mag-

"Frank was walking in his sleep, and he thought *I* was Angela, and he was, you know, hard, and he sort of made me give him a blow job. In his sleep."



azine. "*Team-Mates?*" He opened to the first page. "Holy shit!"

Through a narrow opening Tommy, Chad, and Brad watched wide-eyed as Frank sat on his bed, legs spread, holding the magazine open with one hand and rubbing the overfilled pouch of his jockstrap with the other. Tommy felt Chad's and Brad's hands begin to caress him. Frank pulled his fully erect organ from his jock, spit into his hand, and began to masturbate. He delicately slid the foreskin back and forth over the head of his penis, then lengthened the stroking down his giant member. He flipped through the magazine and made an appreciative grunt. Tommy gasped as Frank sucked on his middle finger, then stuck it up his asshole to the third joint.

"Yeah, *he's* not queer," Chad whispered sarcastically into Tommy's ear.

"Let's bust him," Brad said, and before Tommy knew what was happening, the twins burst out of the closet.

"*What the fuck?*" Frank exclaimed, too startled to remove his finger from his sphincter.

Chad ripped the magazine from Frank's hand. "Looks like your roommate's a big pansy, Tommy."

Tommy sheepishly emerged. "You set me up, you little shit!" Frank barked at the blond teen. He attempted to cover his swollen manhood with a pillow, but Brad snatched it away.

"What if *Angela* found out about this?" Brad taunted Frank, actually shaking the powerlifter's turgid penis.

"Don't touch me!" Frank stammered. "Stop it! Just leave me alone!" Tommy couldn't believe his eyes. Was his tough, butch stud of a roommate actually starting to cry?

"Frank," he said, "it's OK, man. We won't tell Angela. Will we, guys?"

Frank dried his tears and looked beseechingly at his three exposers. "You don't understand! There is no Angela. His name's *Angelo*, and we just broke up. He found out I cheated on him with my kinesiology professor."

"Professor Norbert?" Chad and Brad asked excitedly.

Frank nodded. "I just needed to get my ass fucked. Is that OK with you?"

The boys just blinked at each other, too stunned to reply.

"Then take your goddamned clothes off now and plow me, you fuckin' homos," Frank demanded.

A minute later the only person wearing anything was Frank with his sweaty jockstrap, which Brad gripped in one hand while drilling his uncut rod into Frank's willing chute over and over again, canine-style. "Wow, Tommy," Brad panted. "Your roommate's ass is as great as his cock."

"Fuck me harder! Rape my butt hole!" Frank ordered.

"He's a nasty one," Chad said to Tommy while petting his blond friend's erection. "I can't wait to screw that hot butt while you watch."

His chance came as soon as his brother did. The twins immediately switched places, with Chad's stiff seven inches plunging into Frank's dilated orifice, still wet with Brad's sperm. Chad had rolled the Italian sophomore onto his back and was now bracing himself against the sturdy youth's massive, upturned thighs as they engaged in frenzied anal intercourse. Tommy watched, avoiding touching his own engorged penis, fearing it would go off before he had his turn with the newly submissive Frank.

Chad vigorously stroked the thickly developed muscles of Frank's chest and shoulders as the bodybuilder grappled with his own uncircumcised endowment, using both hands. Tommy got behind Chad and lightly fingered the handsome twin's asshole and bouncing balls. No sooner had Tommy slipped a moist index finger into Chad's snug chute than the twin began to ejaculate. "Frank, you whore!" Chad yelled. "I'm coming in your tight ass, and it feels hot!" Chad lowered his head and bit Frank's nipple.

"Let's leave these two roommates to get better acquainted," Brad suggested, slapping Tommy's fanny and gathering up their clothes.

"See you in the showers, men," Chad said as they left.

"I'm ready for your big fuckin' dick, Tommy," Frank said. "Don't disappoint me, or I'll spank the shit out of you."

"Get on your stomach," Tommy said in a firm voice. He went to the closet and got a bottle of Coppertone. Tommy smeared the lotion over his penis and testicles, then positioned himself for entry into Frank's anus. Tommy seized the waistband of Frank's jockstrap with his left hand and used his right to shove his erection as deep into his manly roommate as possible. Tommy had never penetrated a man's rectum before and was unprepared for the tightness and hot, slippery sensation.

"Get on your stomach," Tommy said in a firm voice. He went to the closet and got a bottle of Coppertone.

He slowly thrust in and out, determined to prolong the experience. Frank's face was buried in his pillow, and he was moaning and begging for more. Tommy reached down to grab Frank's oversize schlong and discovered the softening organ hanging out of Frank's soaking wet supporter. "I didn't tell you you could come, Frank," Tommy said sternly. "That was naughty."

"Punish me!" Frank urged. "Come in my face!" Turned-on by the prospect of spraying his big, burly roommate, Tommy pumped harder and harder, pulling out only when he teetered on the edge of orgasm. Frank flipped over. "Shoot that cream all over my face!" he demanded.

Tommy straddled the muscled torso of his roommate, who jacked the 18-year-old for just a moment before Tommy ejaculated a blast of semen all over Frank's ruggedly handsome face. Frank slid his fingers through the warm white fluid, then sucked them clean. "About last night," Frank said. "I guess I owe you an apology, Tommy."

"You also owe me a blow job," Tommy replied. ●

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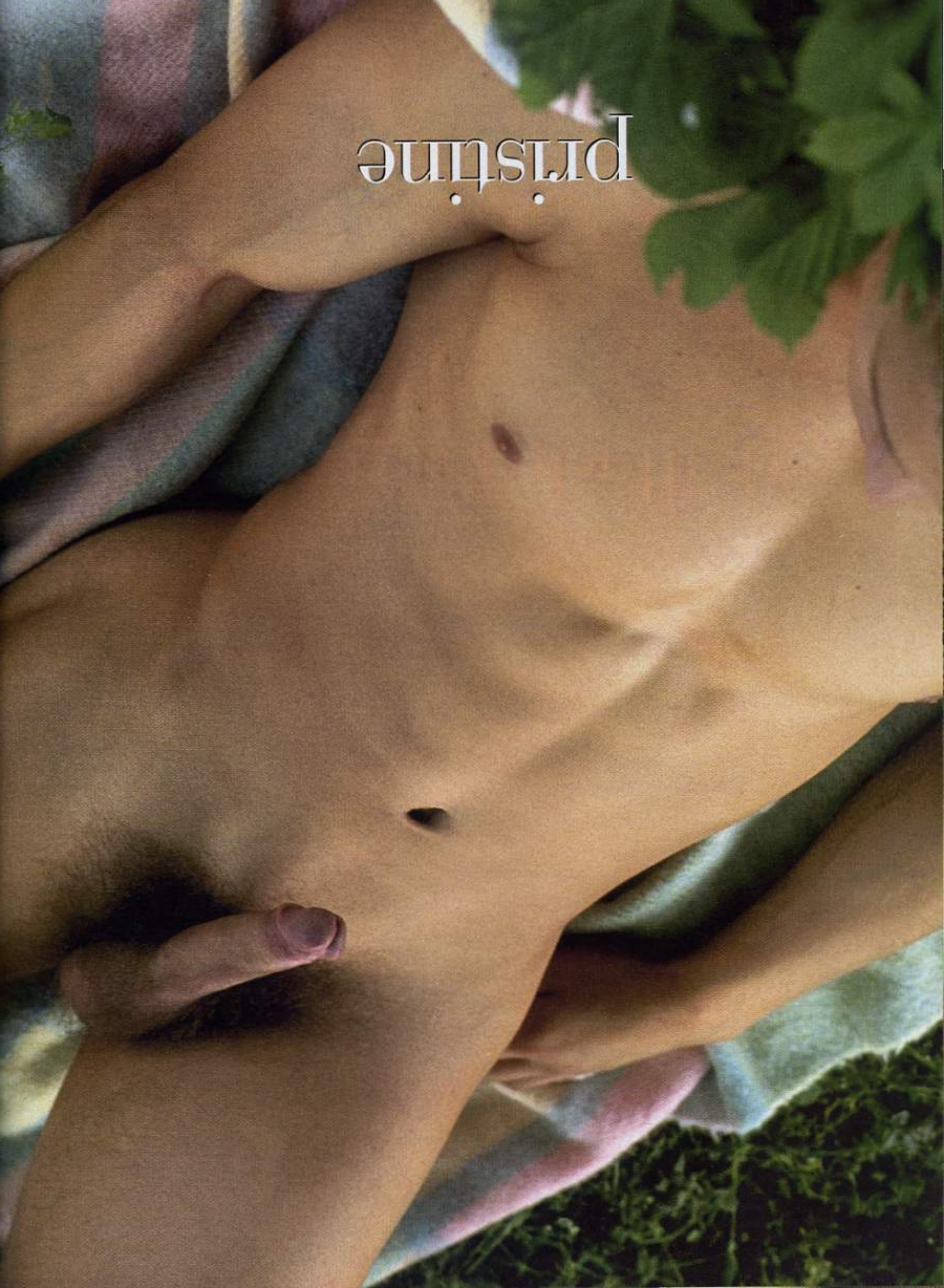
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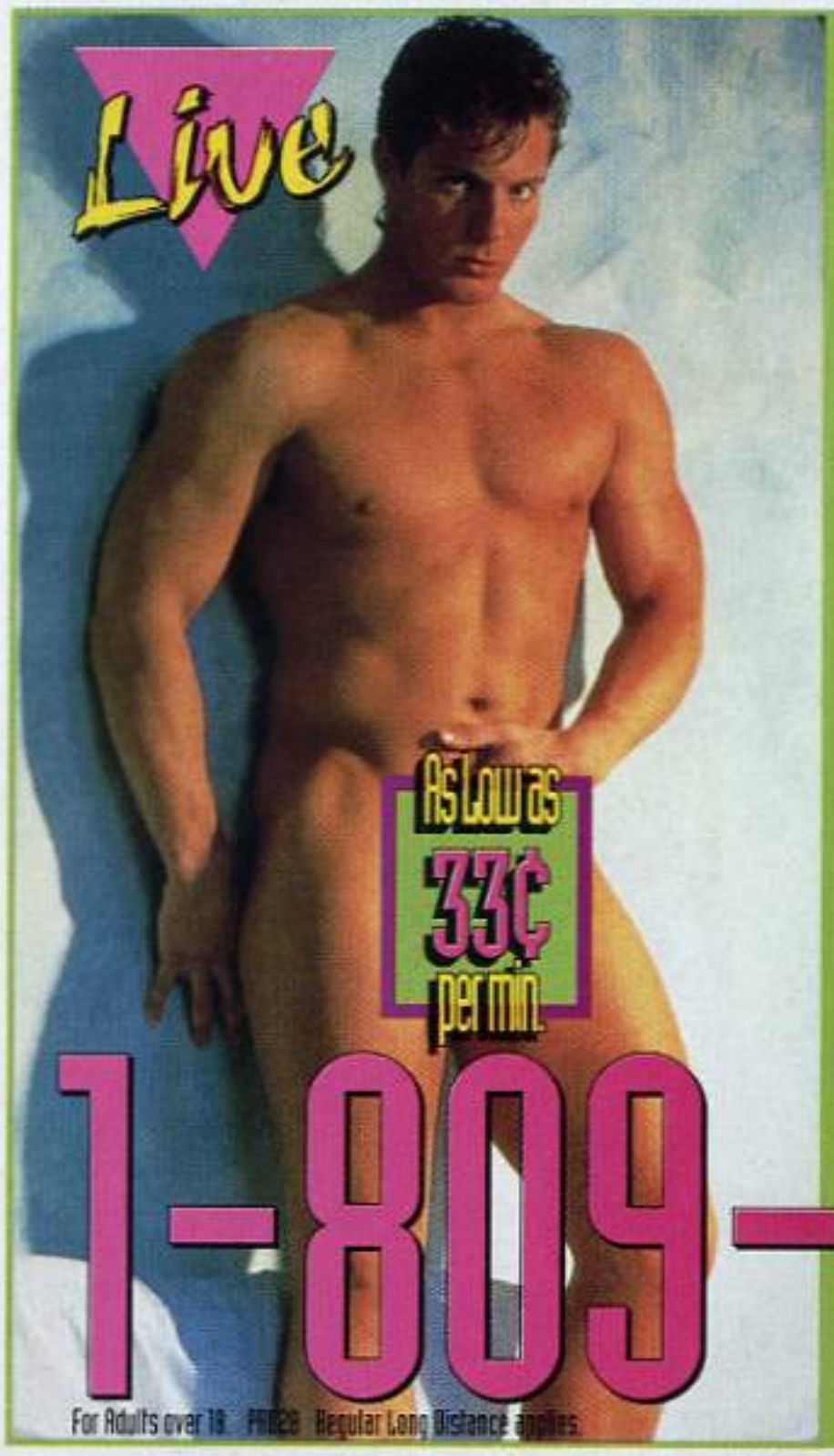

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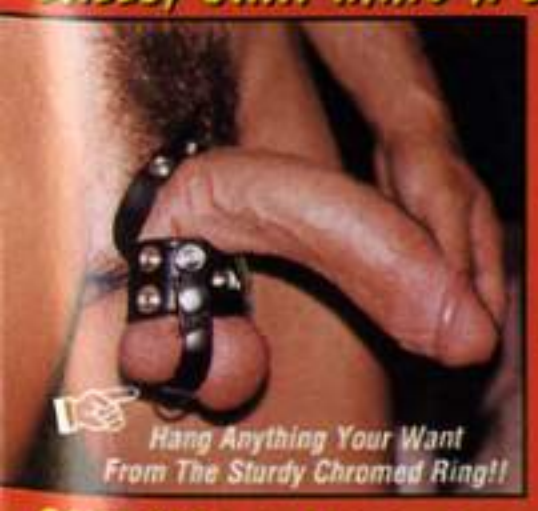

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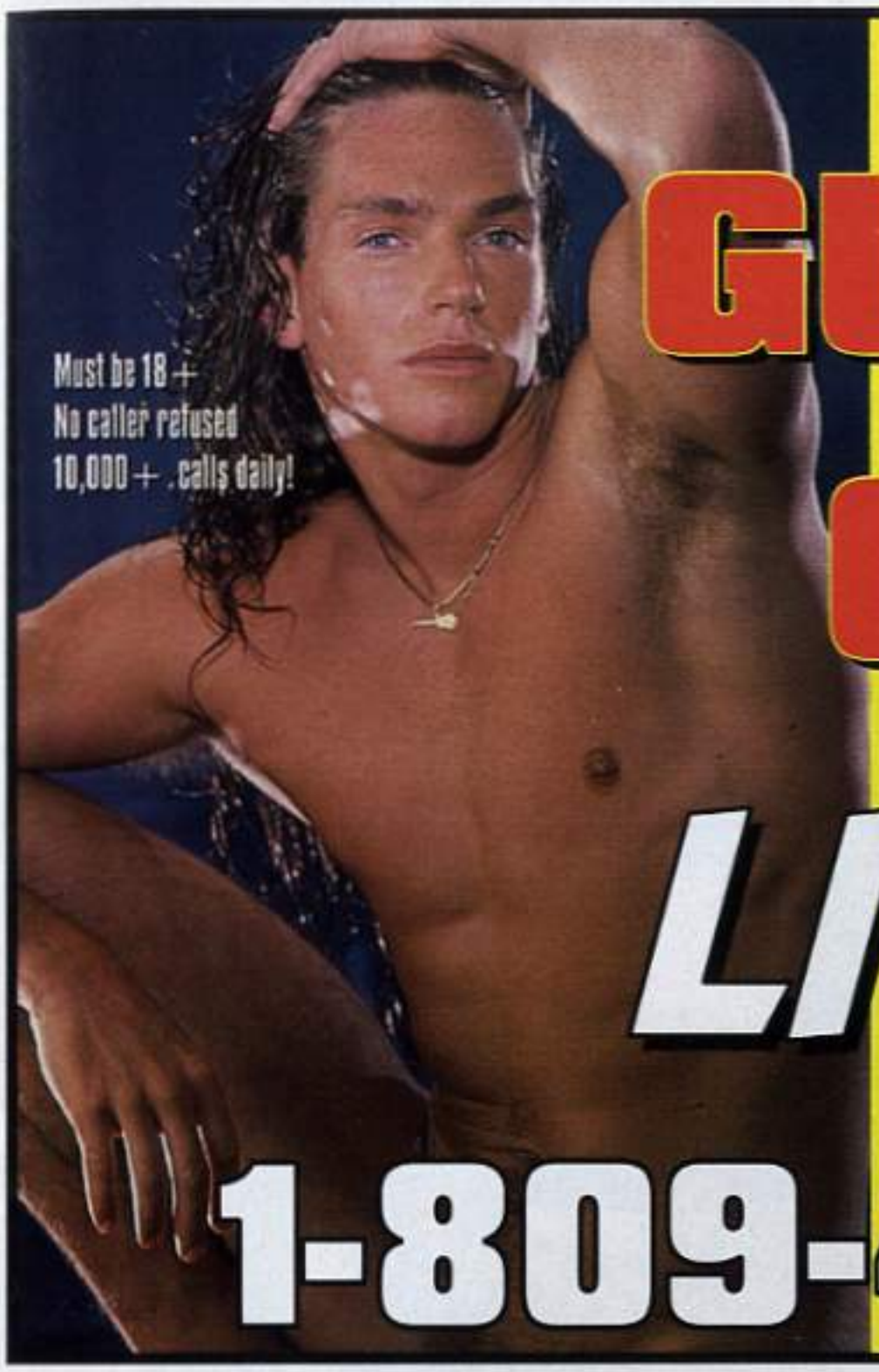

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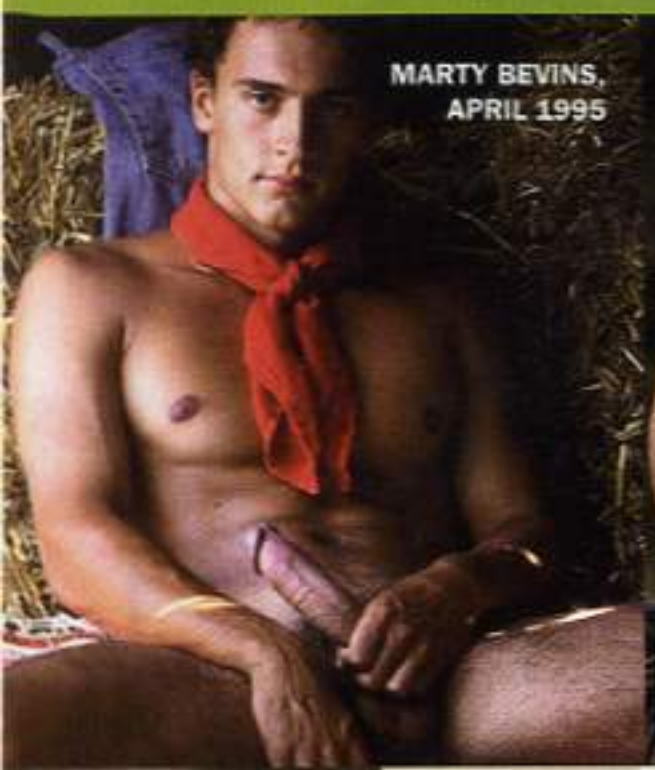
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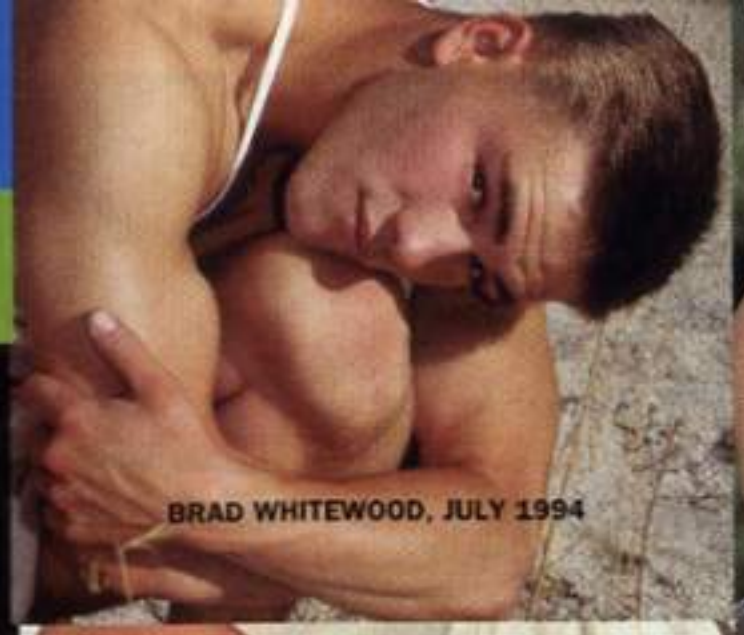
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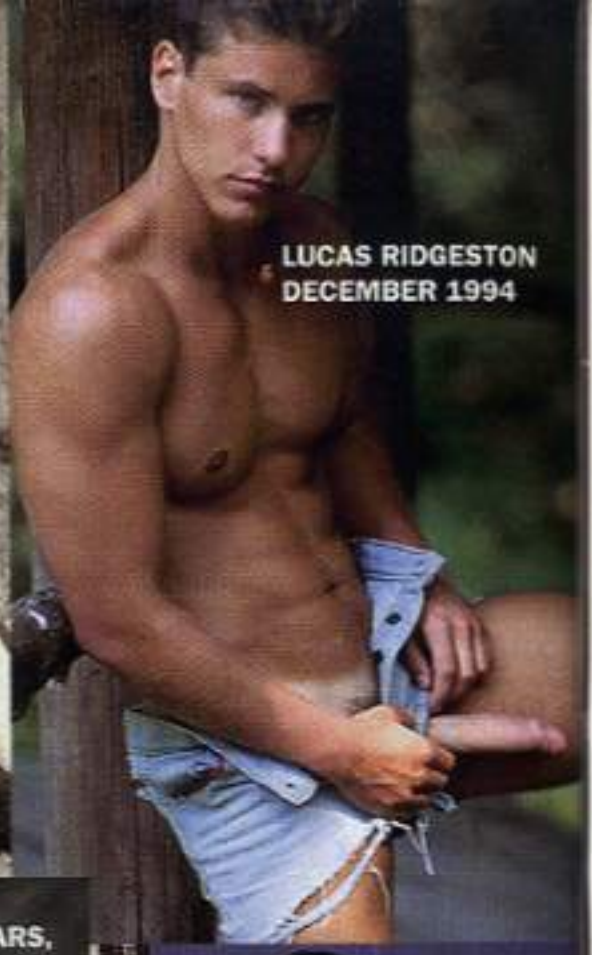
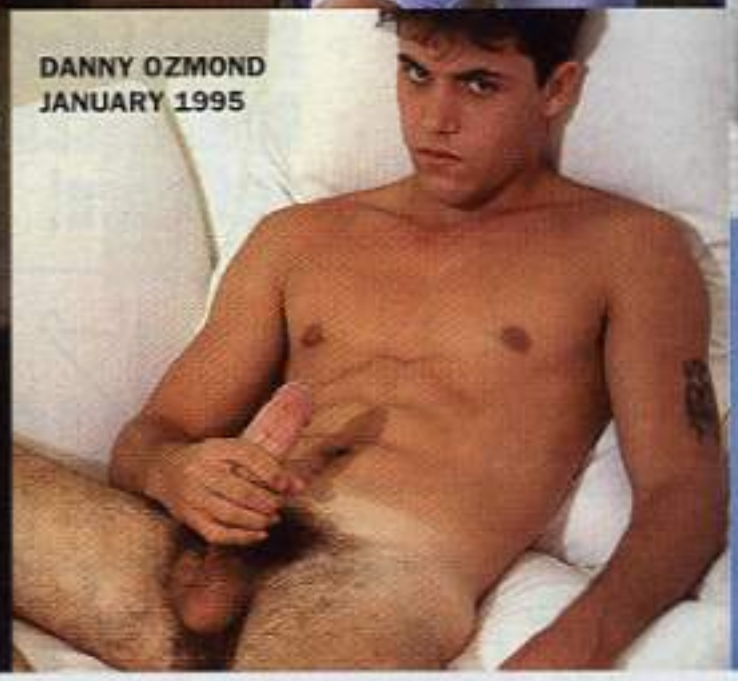

LUCAS RIDGESTON DECEMBER 1994

STEVE NARS, OCTOBER 1994

RICHIE SANTOS, OCTOBER 1994

LENNY BROCKTON, NOVEMBER 1994


DANNY OZMOND JANUARY 1995

KEVIN KRAMER, MAY 1995

__ **AUGUST 1992** (279208) Models: Steve Davison, Rexx Stocker, Pingheu, Tom Farrell— Major Meat: Wes Daniels
__ **SEPTEMBER 1992** (279209) Models: Martin Paris, Vic Hall, R. Belafonte, Aaron Gun — Major Meat: Cody James
__ **MARCH 1993** (279303) Models: Jason Andrews, Lucas Ridgeston, Mark Taylor, C.J. — Major Meat: Randy Mixer
__ **MAY 1993** (279305) Models: Jason Stevens, Randy Matteus, Paul Stephens, Sergei Petronov — Major Meat: Jason Andrews
__ **JUNE 1993** (279306) Models: Pietro, Chuckie D., David Rathette, Frankie Halen — Major Meat: Rick Pantera
__ **SEPTEMBER 1993** (279309) Models: Randy Mixer, Peter Volp, Darryl White, Ian Christoph — Major Meat: Randy White
__ **NOVEMBER 1993** (279311) Models: Rudy Vasquez, Victor Boyd, Jeff Green, Danny Clarke — Major Meat: Zak Spears
__ **DECEMBER 1993** (279312) Models: Johnny Rey, Derek Cruise, Christopher Matt, Jesse — Major Meat: Taz Action
__ **APRIL 1994** (279404) Models: Francis Scott, Jeff Dillon, Joe Luger, Ernie Cunningham— Major Meat: Marco Rossi
__ **MAY 1994** (279405) Models: Aaron Austin, Max Stanley, Willy James, Surf Pups — Major Meat: Steve Maverick
__ **JUNE 1994** (279406) Models: Joe Schneider, Tony Idol, Sammy Liszt, Tony — Major Meat: Devyn Foster
__ **JULY 1994** (279407) Models: Paul Montana, Skip Marks, Tony Roosevelt, Brad Whitewood — Major Meat: Tom Katt
__ **AUGUST 1994** (279408) Models: Bo Summers, Adrian Gere, James Blackburn, Chad Donovan — Major Meat: Dave Logan
__ **SEPTEMBER 1994** (279409) Models: Ken Dahl, Dillon Clark, Ariel, Ray Trask — Major Meat: Alec Powers
__ **OCTOBER 1994** (279410) Models: Steve Nars, Roman Tabac, Adam Wilde, Richie Santos — Major Meat: Dylan
__ **NOVEMBER 1994** (279411) Sports Special. Models: Sports Nuts, Stretch Pearson, Lenny Brockton, More Sports Nuts — Major Meat: Justin Young
__ **DECEMBER 1994** (279412) Models: Anton Pittner, Lucas Ridgeston, Gary Dean, Tony Farrari — Major Meat: Claude Jourdan
__ **JANUARY 1995** (279501) Models: Rick Lawrence, Benny Drew, Danny Ozmond, Tom Turrel — Major Meat: Cort Stevens
__ **MARCH 1995** (279503) Models: Zach Daniels, Alexander Strauss, Stan Paget, Dane Thomas — Major Meat: Alex Wild
__ **APRIL 1995** (279504) Models: Brandon Hunter, Marty Bevins, Leo Husek, Eddie Cochran — Major Meat: Wolff
__ **MAY 1995** (279505) Models: Underwear shots, Kevin Kramer, Leonardo, Peter Corman — Major Meat: Vince Rockland
__ **JUNE 1995** (279506) Models: Paul Stephens, Mikal Janos, Deny Kolos, Alan Saudek — Major Meat: Christian Murphy

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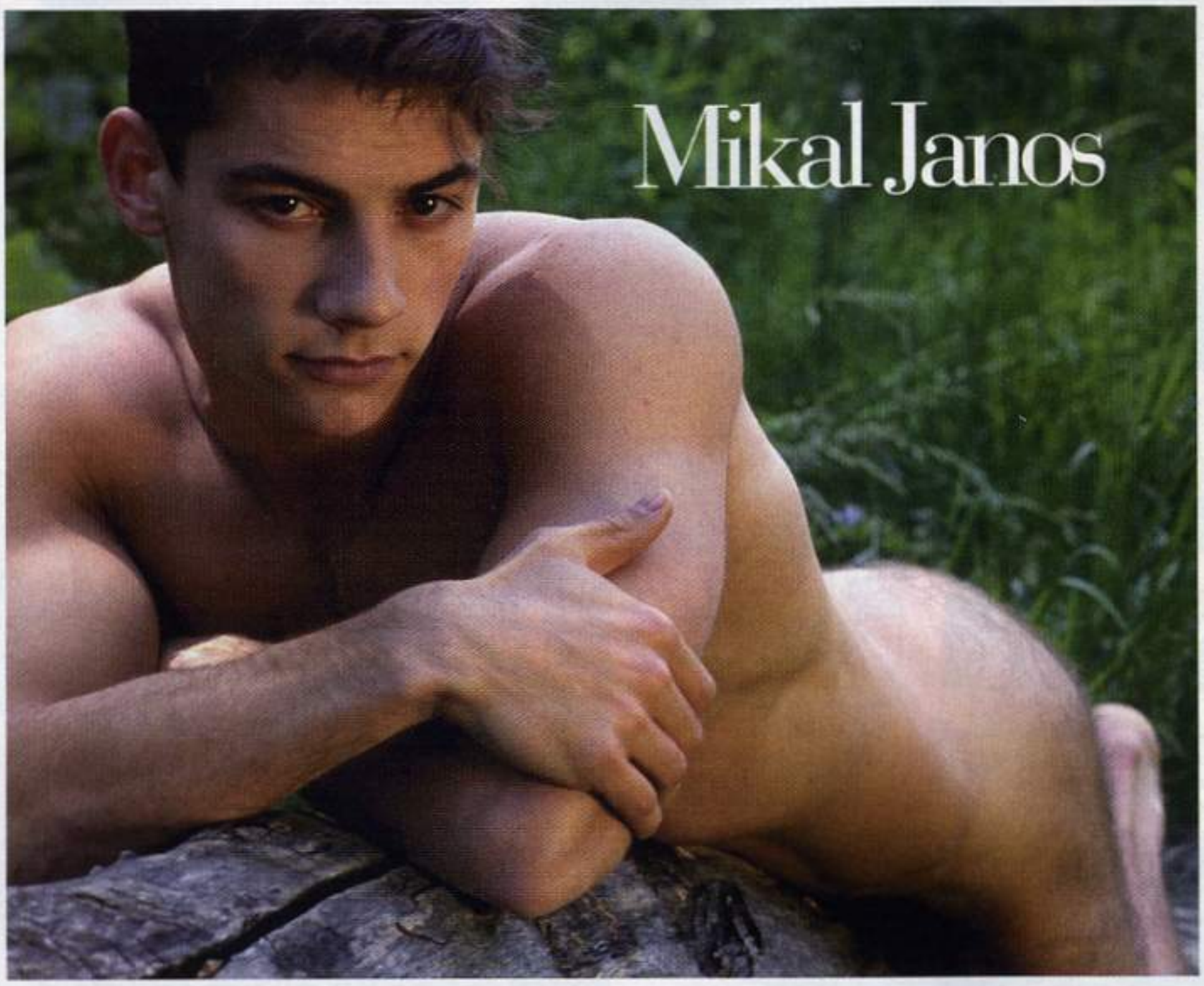
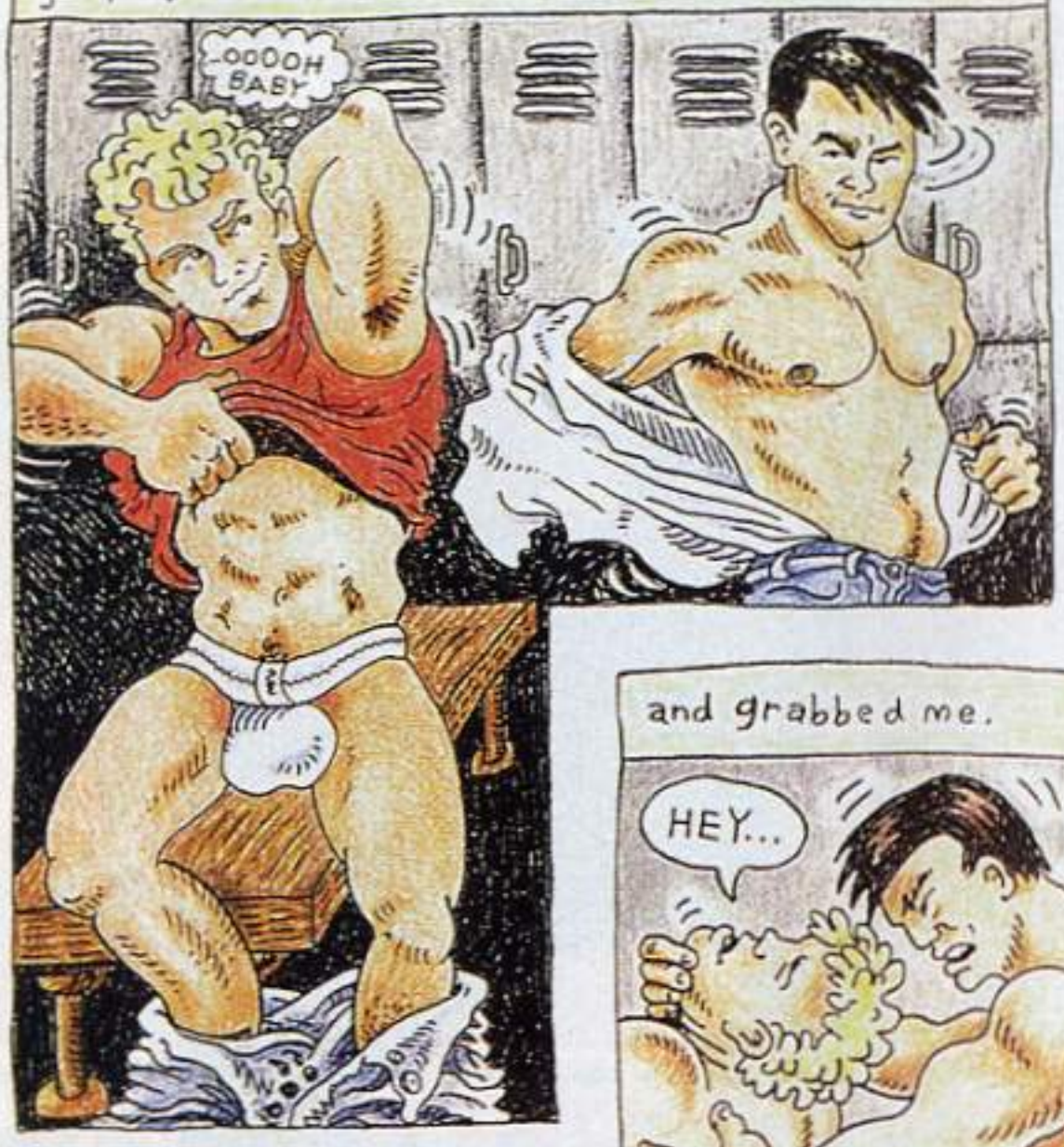


JUNE

ROUGH TRADE

It was closing time at the gym, and only me and the swim coach were there. I had seen him around before but I knew he was totally straight, so I never gave it a go. Plus, I knew his wife and kids.

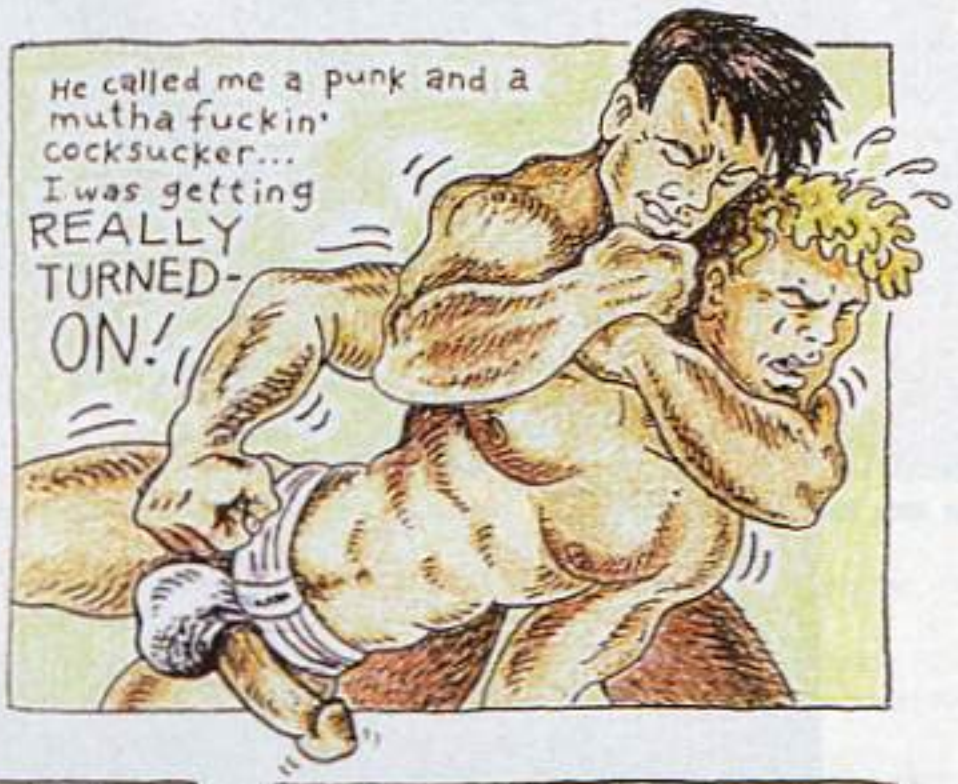


He was sexy as hell with a body of steel-hard muscle (SIGH).

Anyway, I guess I stared too long, cause he sorta got upset...

and grabbed me.

He called me a punk and a mutha fuckin' cocksucker... I was getting REALLY TURNED-ON!

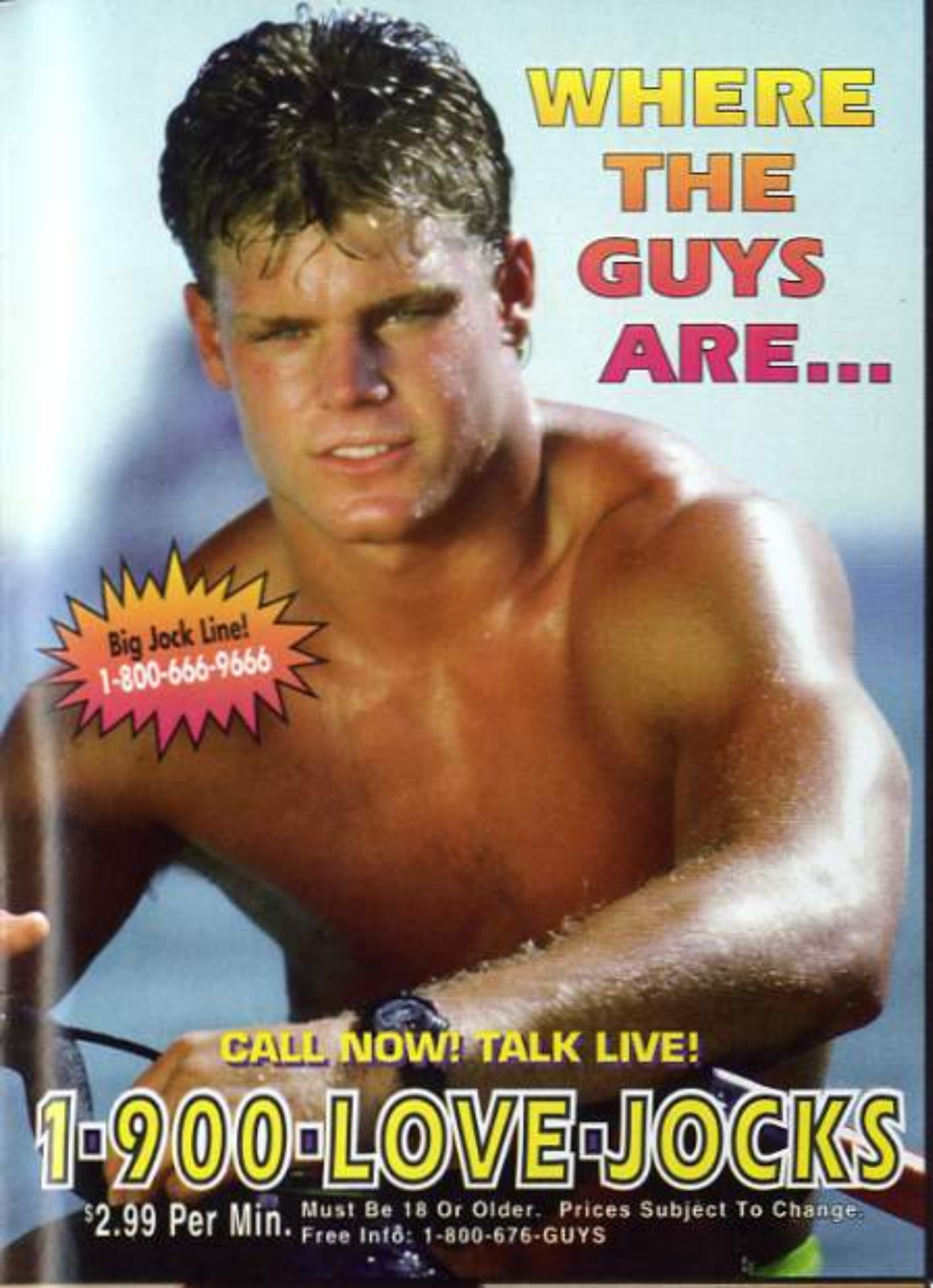


I was about to shoot a healthy load when he started humping me like the animal that he was.

And then, before I knew what hit me, the stud rammed his throbbing cock straight down my throat! We both CAME IN BUCKETS!!!

That was the last I ever saw of Coach Ramsey. But lucky me still has the HOT MEMORIES! Not to mention the dude's come-stained jockstrap (he left it behind)...

IT STILL SMELLS LIKE ROUGH TRADE!!!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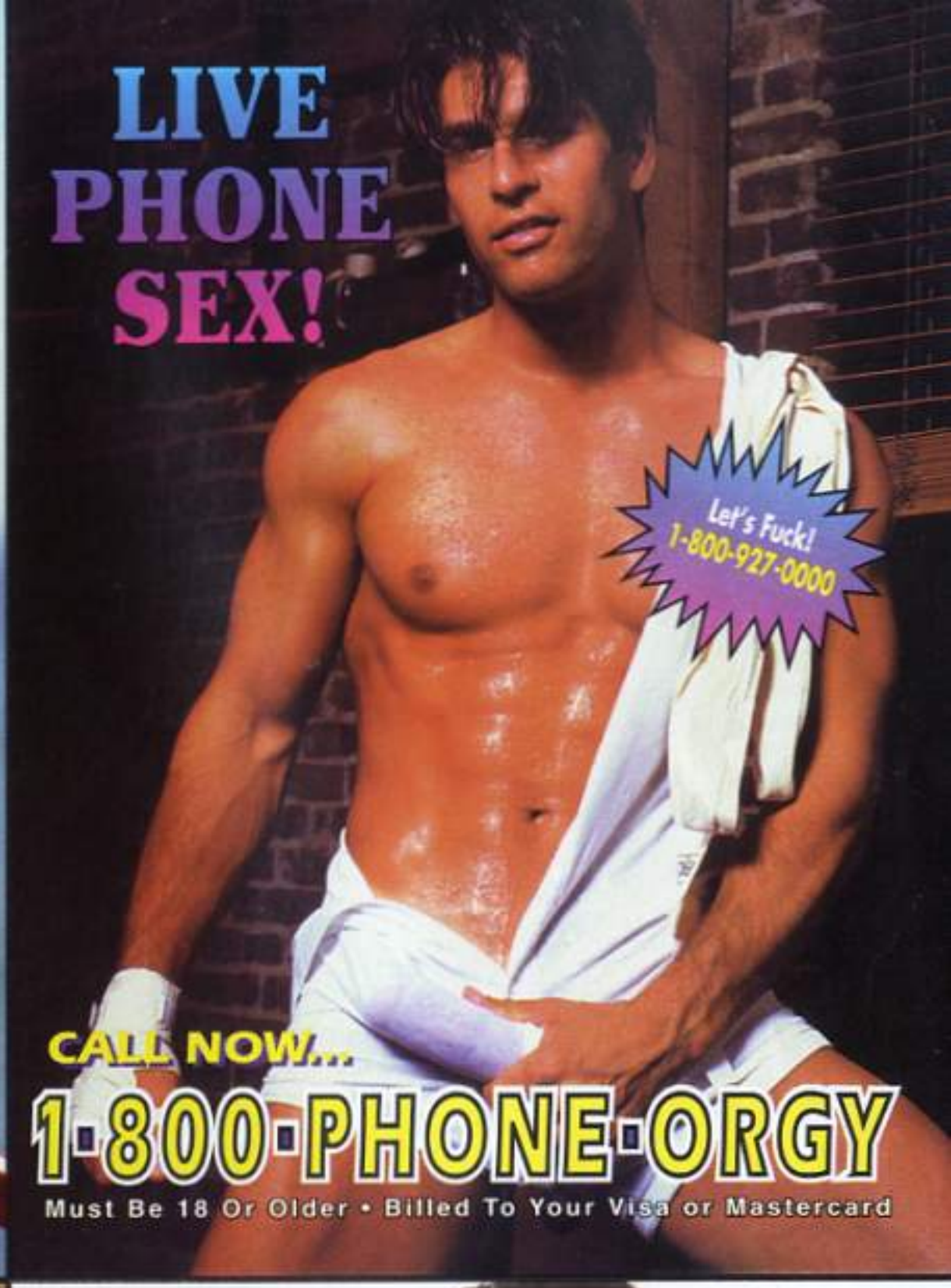
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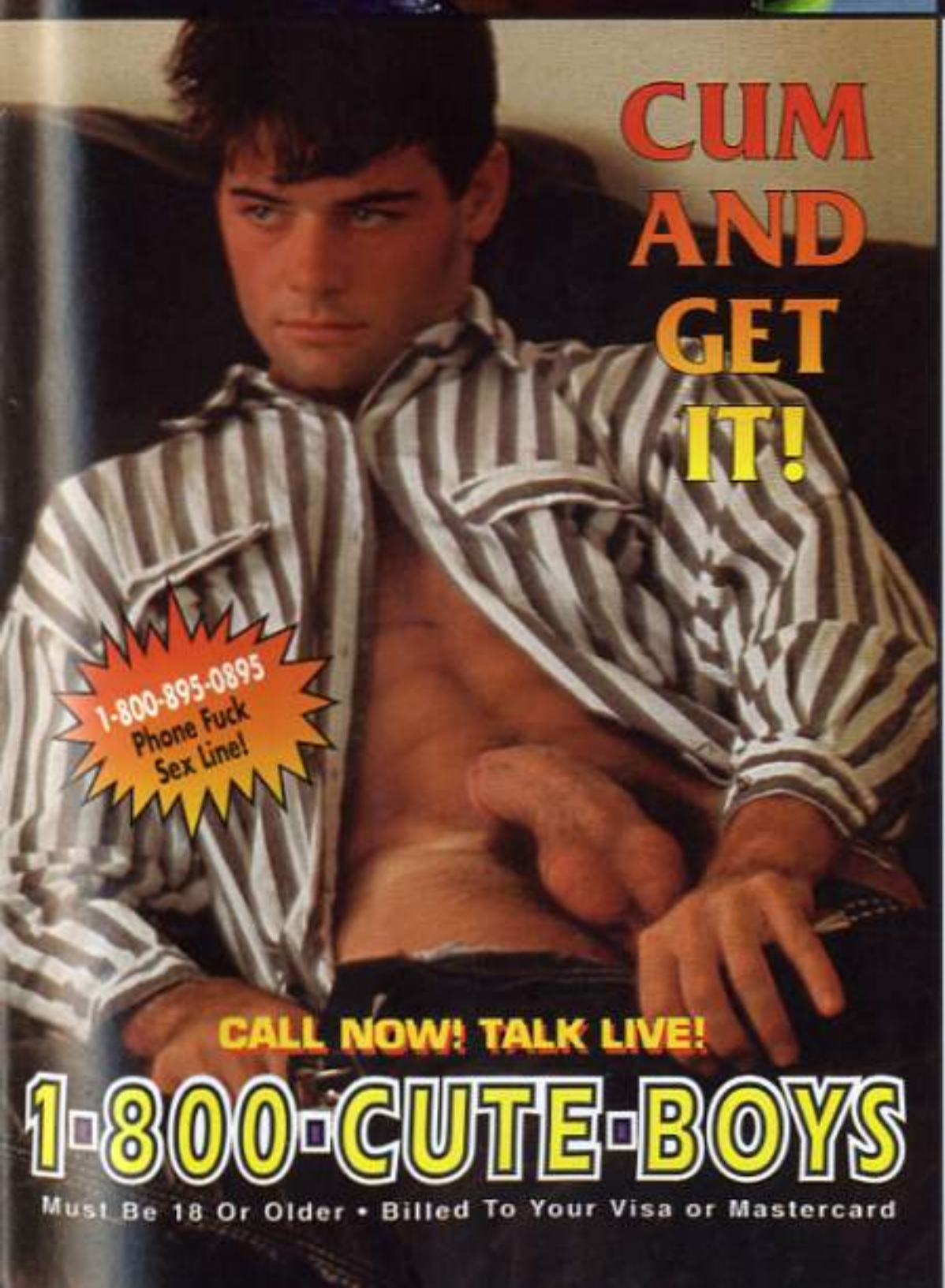
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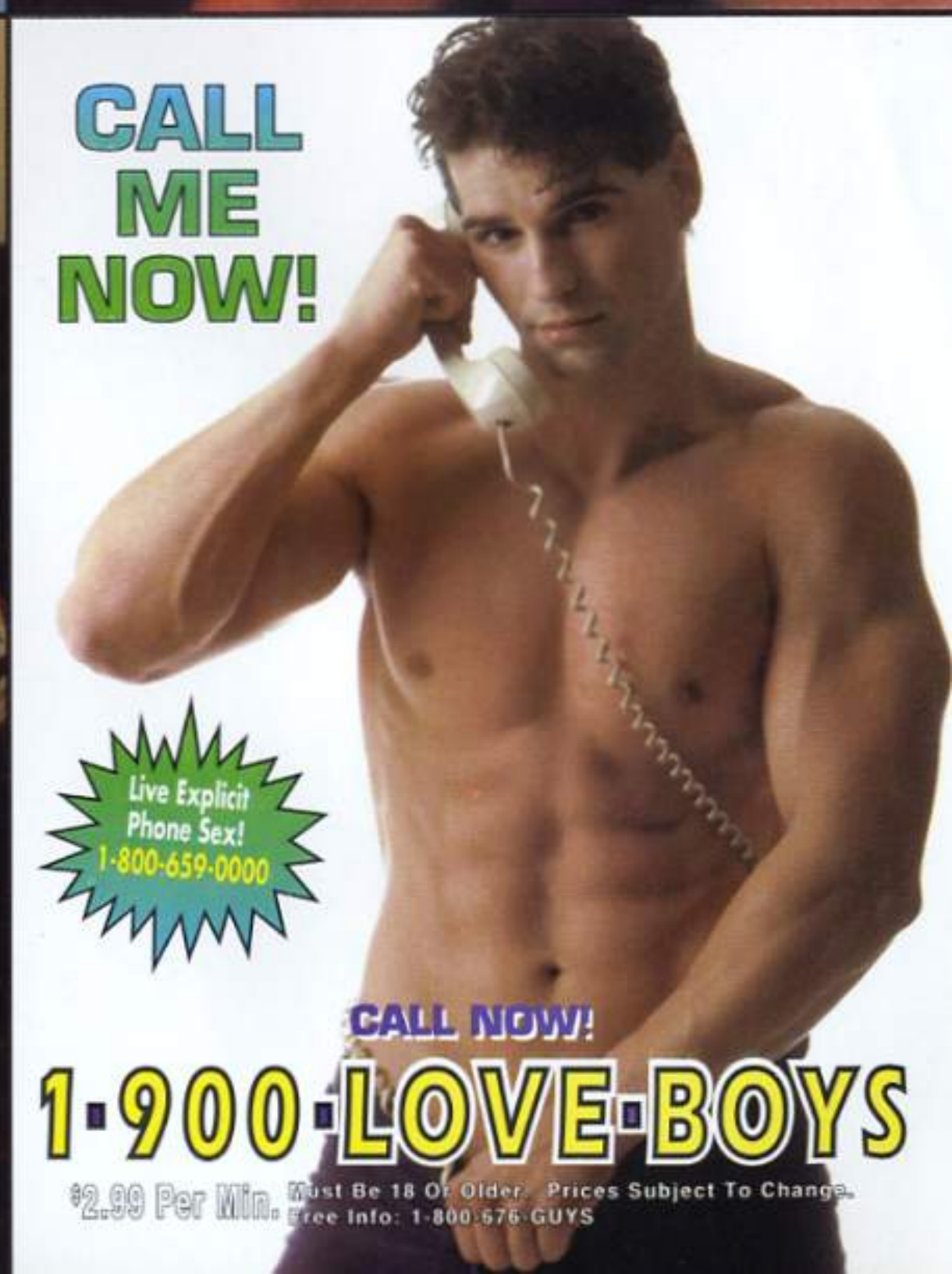
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